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THE TRUMPETER OF SACKINGEN

BY

Victor E. Nessler.

Wm. Knabe & Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF

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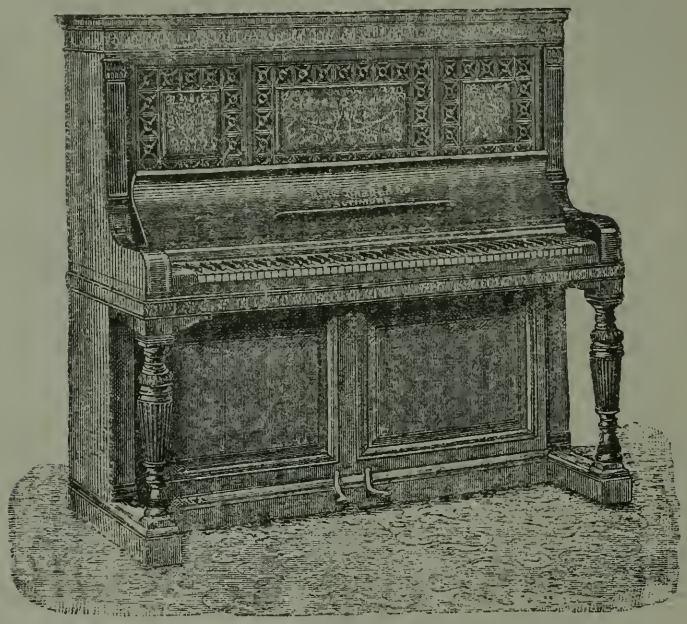

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TONE, TOUCH,

WORKMANSHIP AND DURABILITY.

THE TRUMPETER OF SACKINGEN.

MUSIC BY

Victor E. Nessler

English Version of the German Libretto (by Bunge) and the Poems, of

Victor von Scheffel,

upon whose metrical romance, "Der Trompeter von Sackingen," the operatic story is based, by

JOHN P JACKSON,

Author of "The Album of the Passion Play at Oberammergau," "Lohengrin, Musically and Pictorially Illustrated," "Illustrated Handbook to 'The Ring of the Nibelung,'" &c., &c.

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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Persons of the Prelude.

WERNER KIRCHHOF, Stud. jur., - - - - - - - *Baritone.*
CONRADIN, Trooper, - - - - - - - - - - *Baritone.*
THE MAJOR DOMO of the Electress of the Palatinate, - - *Tenor.*
THE RECTOR MAGNIFICUS of Heidelberg University, - - - *Bass.*

A Student.—Troopers and Recruiters.—Students.—Two Beadles.—Cellarmen.

PLACE:—Heidelberg Castle.—Towards the End of the Thirty Years' War.

Persons of the Piece.

THE BARON OF SCHOENAU, - - - - - - - - *Bass.*
MARGARETHA, his Daughter, - - - - - - - - *Soprano.*
COUNT OF WILDENSTEIN, - - - - - - - - - *Bass.*
HIS WIFE (separated from him), the Baron's Cousin, - - *Mezzo-Soprano.*
DAMIAN, the Count's Son, from his second marriage, - - - *Tenor.*
WERNER KIRCHHOF, - - - - - - - - - *Baritone.*
CONRADIN, - - - - - - - - - - - *Baritone.*

A Servant of the Baron.—A Messenger of the Count.—A Cellarman.—Four Heralds. Youths and Maidens.—Citizens of Sackingen and their wives.—Hauenstein Peasants.—People.—School-Children.—Dean and Chaplains.—Burgomaster and Councillors of Sackingen.—Knights of the Teutonic Order.—Princess-Abbess and Noble Ladies of the Convent.—Troopers.—Followers of the Count of Wildenstein.—The Landlady of the Inn yclept "The Golden Button," in Sackingen.—Village Musicians of Hauenstein.

PLACE:—Sackingen.—TIME:—After the Thirty Years' War; 1650.

Characters of the Ballet and the May Procession.

King May.
Princess May Blossom.
Prince Woodlord.
Two Officials.
Troopers,
Father Rhine.
The River Main.
The River Stein.
Rivers Lahn, Ahr and Nahe.
Vintners and Vintneresses.
Knights of Scharlachberg,
Johannisberg,
Assmanshäuser,
Ruedesheim.
The Noble Ladies:—
Liebfrauenmilch,
Moselbluemchen,
Ahrbluethe.
The Dean of the Hochheim.
Markgraefler.
Marcobrunner.
Forster Traminer.
Steinberger Cabinet.
Children and Girls.
Eight Pages.
Townspeople, Country People.
Peasant Maidens.
Servants and Guests.
Messengers of Spring.
Goblins.
Shepherdesses.
Dragon-Flies, etc.
May Chafers.

The Story of the Opera and the English Version of the Libretto, entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1887, by JOHN P. JACKSON, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C,

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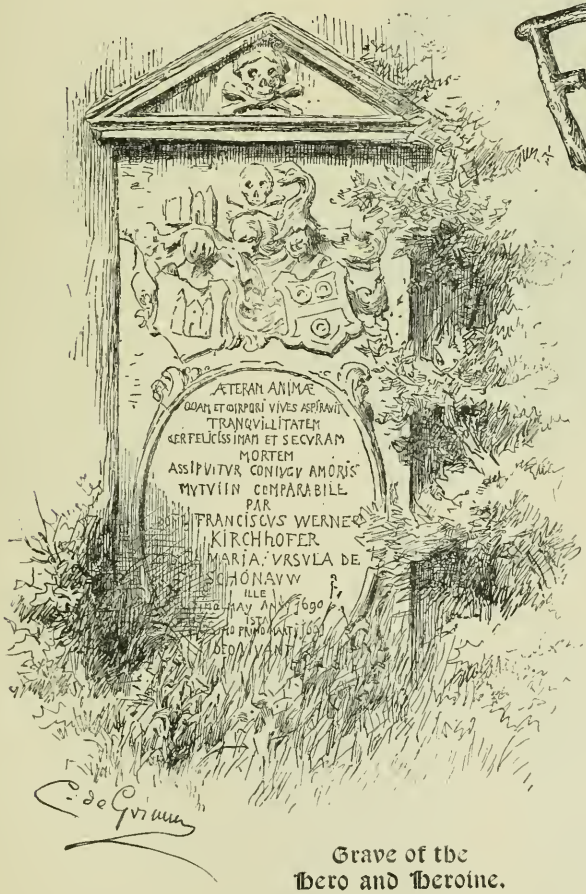
THE TRUMPETER OF SACKINGEN.

STORY OF THE OPERA AND ITS CREATORS.

I.

FROM Boezberg's heights the Rhine once fondly drew me:—
I felt a deep home-yearning stir within:—
Towards the scenes whose every glory knew me:—
To the good town of Sainted Fridolin.—
As if in my return rejoicing greatly
It welcomed me in Autumn's warmth and glow;
Its Minster spires, that rose up new and stately.
Were mirror'd in the rushing stream below:—
High northward stretched, and bounding well the gaze,
The Hozzen Forest, shimmering through the haze.



Grave of the Hero and Heroine.

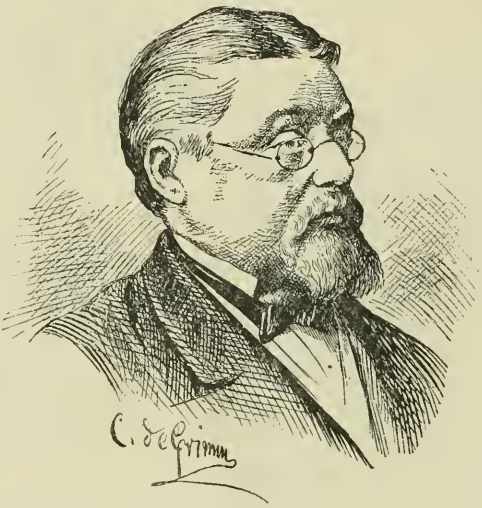
II.

The Gallic Tower, on Roman wall yet stable,
The Convent, where the Princess-Abbess pray'd;
All seem to know me, yea, each roof and gable
That oft my shallow boat past lightly sped;
Hereward, where pebbles on the beach lie blanching,
A flowery lawn seems yet on me to smile:
And half concealed amid the chestnuts branching,
The little Castle's slender-towered pile:
Glad greetings send to where it crowns the ridge,
And then cross o'er the long wood-boarded bridge.

III.

My duty first to those good friends departed
Who, in the church-yard, near the Rhine-stream rest:
Full many have gone, who with me, joyous-hearted,
In the dear city shar'd in laugh and jest:
With sadness I approach the tombstone hoary,
That Werner Kirchhof's name and 'scutcheon shows:
And tells of him and of his spouse the story,
In words that sorrowing hearts' lament disclose:—
The twain whom Love had bound in bondage dear,
Were called away within the self-same year.

V. v. Sch.



Joseph Victor von Scheffel

What German is there who has ever been young, who has loved or been loved, who does not know Victor von Scheffel's "Trompeter von Säkkingen," with its charming story of the loves of Young Werner and the fair Margaretha, their wooing on the Rhine, their cruel separation, and their joyous *Wiedersehen* in Rome? It is now, as it has been for over a quarter of a century, the favorite of all classes; in hut and palace it has delighted millions. Excepting Schiller's poems and Goethe's "Faust," both of which are beyond the pale of copy-right protection, no volume of German poems has ever reached a sale of a quarter of a million copies, as has been the case with the "Trumpeter." When it is remembered that a sale of five thousand copies of a book of poems is considered in Germany a sensational success, it will be seen what a vast influence Scheffel's work has had among Teutonic readers. But his fame did not rest entirely on his "Trumpeter." When he died it was found that of his principal works his romance "Ekkehard" had passed through ninety editions, his "Gaudeamus" fifty, and the "Trumpeter" one hundred and forty. Of his other works—"Frau Aventiure," "Berg-Psalmen," "Hugideo," "Juniperus," "Waldeinsamkeit," thirty-five editions had appeared, making altogether a hundred thousand copies. In the book-printing office of Adolf Bonz & Co., of Stuttgart, there is one steam press on which the works of no other author except Scheffel have ever been printed. It is known as the "Scheffel Press."

But this does not exhaust the extent of his fame. Scores of his poems have been set to music, and his student songs from "Gaudeamus" have been sung millions of times. "He is the singer of German Studententhum," says a biographer; "and of all the songs that are sung night after night in the Kneipes from Kiel to Gratz, from Strassburg to Dorpat and Czernowitz, fully one-half are the product of his pen . . . . From the blue Alsatian mountains, where the German sings his Strassburg Hymn, to the steppes of South Russia, where the Pfarrer in the German colonist villages sings the songs of his "Gaudeamus" as a fond remembrance of his student days; in South and North and on the other side of the great Atlantic, all know Scheffel's poems. And when he died all joined in the universal sorrow. Young girls and fair women took down the "Trumpeter" from the shelf, to weep once more over the songs and farewell of Young Werner, and to laugh over the philosophical lamentations of the famous cat Hiddigeigei. Many a man again took down the romance of "Ekkehard" and had a fresh enjoyment in the tragedy and humor of that incomparable book. Students, with heart felt sorrow, sang the "Trauer-Salamander," and with weeping hearts but laughing lips, of the convulsing eventuality that happened in the Black Whale Inn at Ascalon, or of the famous lament of the Ichthyosaurus. Yes, his songs were the very sunniest sunshine."

Von Scheffel died on the 9th of April, 1886. In August of that year he was expected to take part in the great Heidelberg University Festival. But the singer, Heidelberg's Liedermund, as he was called, who had praised the beauty of the old university city in his poems, whose songs the students had sung for over a quarter of a century, was not present In the midst of all his preparations to join in the glorification of his Alma Mater he was called away. Mr. Krehbiehl, in a letter to the *Tribune* describing the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of Heidelberg University, said: "Had Scheffel lived a few months longer he would have shared the honors of the Jubilee with the Crown Prince of Germany and the Grand Duke of Baden.

and the ovation which would have been brought him by the thousands to whom he has vouch-safed such swellings of the heart as no other German writer of the century, would have been a thousand times as sincere and a hundred times more enthusiastic as that which greeted the representatives of royalty. But the old singer of the glories of Heidelberg and the Black Forest was dead, and, doubtless, many of his admirers and friends, like his confrére Felix Dahn, remained away from the festival because his absence would change its joys to sorrow for them. Yet Scheffel was present in his songs, which resounded through the streets, down from the castle and up from the Neckar incessantly. He was present besides in the Jubilee Ode which he put into the hands of Vincenz Lachner for composition not long before he died, which, compared with some of the songs in his "Gaudeamus" and the "Trumpeter," especially with the "Alt Heidelberg, du feine," which ornamented a hundred house-fronts, was an indifferent production, though it had some of that eager, bounding joyousness which is so marked a characteristic of the poet's work."

Victor E. Nessler.

The death of the poet created a profound impression wherever Germans dwelt; especially upon the German colony in Rome, by whom he was warmly beloved and revered. The best of his poetic works had been produced among them, and even the "Trumpeter" had gained its poetic shape in Rome. A German writer describes the Italian haunts of the poet: "Some of Scheffel's best poetic works were produced in the little mountain village of Olevano, some forty odd miles from Rome, in the Sabine range. The poet lived for a long time at the Casa Baldi, a little inn more celebrated for the lack than for the quantity of its comforts, but the peculiar situation of which, and its surrounding beauty of scenery, were no doubt elements that materially aided the inspiration of the giftet poet. The lofty mountain peaks, rising back of the humble cottage, the wood of the Serpentara, now owned by the German Government as an heirloom for her artists in Italy; the rocky pathways trodden by the sandaled feet of the lowly *contadini*, who climb at night to their cloudland homes; and even the inmates of the Casa Baldi itself, despite their many short-comings as hosts—have all become, and are more so by his death, hallowed in German literature. It is the custom of the German artists in Rome, under the leadership of their ambassador, to make a pilgrimage annually to this locality, and spend a day in feasting and toasting in honor of the revered poet, who has sung songs of Italy that will live as long as the German language is spoken. On such occasions selections from his poems are always read, and never was the pilgrimage made without sending to the home of Scheffel, in Germany, a telegram that told him how warm were the hearts that gathered under the giant oaks, which his pen had not only invested with the halo of sentiment, but had alike saved from the woodman's destructive axe. "The Trumpeter of Sackingen" was written in one of the quaint arched rooms of the Hotel Pagano, on the Island of Capri, which has also become a magnetic spot for this and other reasons to the German artist who visits Italy. The memory of the event is preserved in the image of the hero's cat "Hiddigeigei," which has been painted by some kindly knight of the brush on a lofty dormer window in a stereoscopic manner as relieved by the light from without."

Since Victor von Scheffel must be considered the librettist of the present opera, in which several of his own songs are incorporated, a sketch of his life in so far as it relates to "The Trumpeter of Sackingen" will be of interest. Joseph Scheffel (the Victor he seems to have adopted; the Von he later gained in honor) was born in Carlsruhe on the 16th of February, 1826, the son of a major in the service of the Grand Duke of Baden. He attended the Gymnasium at his native city, and though he had a deep desire to become an artist, he gave way to the wishes of his father who wanted him to prepare himself for the service of his native state. Accordingly, in 1843, he went to Munich, where, however, pictures interested him more than jurisprudence; then to Heidelberg, where convivial life was equally prejudicial to earnest study; and finally to Berlin, where he progressed so rapidly that in 1847 he was able to pass his examination of Heidelberg and to receive his diploma as doctor of laws. That his heart was not true to law was evident all the time; but he stuck to it as a duty nevertheless. In Heidelberg he also studied Germanistic and the his-

tory of Literature, especially ancient documents and parchments, the songs of medieval days being his favorites. It was a study not much in vogue at the time. In the same year that Scheffel completed his studies in Heidelberg, Gustav Freytag had to leave the University of Breslau, where he was privat-docent, because the Faculty would not give him the permission to deliver lectures on German Kulturgeschichte—saying that it was not a scientific study. It was in Heidelberg that Scheffel first revealed poetic talent. It is said that he was a great favorite with the students at the time, that no "pocula" was considered complete without him. Yet few of his "Gaudeamus" songs come from this period. He was inclined to be dreamy and sentimental, and the famous "Es hat nicht sollen sein!" is a production of his student years.

After receiving his diploma Scheffel obtained an appointment as legal administrator at the little town of Sackingen on the Rhine, and further as secretary of the Baden high court of justice in Bruchsal. Of his residence at Sackingen he has told the most interesting stories himself. He was a dreamer, and though he tried conscientiously to do his duty as a well-appointed official of the little duchy, his thoughts were far away, mostly in Italy, where he hoped to eventually complete his artistic studies. But he was able to dream even in Sackingen, though his dreamings did not take any very definite shape. He was mostly attracted to the ancient history of the little town. There were two incidents or stories in Sackingen's history that deeply interested him. The first was the story of its founding by Fridolin the Traveller, or Saint Fridolin, whose memory has been celebrated for centuries in Lorraine, Alsace, Germany and Switzerland. Fridolin was a native of Ireland, and Bruschius, a German writer, says he was the son of an Irish king. Having embraced the priesthood he was seized with a desire for preaching and spreading the gospel in foreign parts. He therefore passed over to France, became a member of St. Hilary's monastery at Poietieres, was eventually elected abbot, and became the intimate friend and adviser of King Clovis. But his love of missionary work was still burning, he wandered about the eastern part of France, chiefly in Alsace and Lorraine, founded monasteries and churches in honor of St. Hilary, and finally determined to convert the Allemans on the Upper Rhine to Christianity. Scheffel has given a description of the good old saint's journey from Ireland to the court of King Clovis, his work on the Rhine and on the island of Sackingen (printed on p. 9 of the libretto).

Saint Fridolin died on the island of Sackingen on the 6th of March. It is believed that the year of his death was A. D 725. The anniversary of the Saint's death is still honored every year in the little city by a solemn procession and religious ceremonies.

Another point of interest in Sackingen to Scheffel was a grave stone in the church-yard on which was inscribed the names of Francis Werner Kirchhofer and Maria Ursula de Schönau, who, as it is writ on the memorial, died within a year of one another. In the musty archives of the little town Scheffel found the story relating to that head-stone—and from it arose at that time in his mind the picture of the lovely blonde Fräulein who so long before had dwelt there in the old castle, and of the handsome wandering Spielmann who had taken the young girl's heart by storm. Young Scheffel took more interest in reading about Saint Fridolin and Young Werner and his love than in doing out law. The past and the future only were beautiful to him; the present had for him no charms, at least not when connected with jurisprudence. His father dying left him comparatively well-to-do in the world, and he determined to leave the law and justice and to devote himself thenceforth to Art—and for that purpose to seek inspiration in Italy. In April, 1852, he left the Rhine for the land of his dreaming, and there he remained until May, 1853, regretting much that he had lived so many years in vain. But even there the Present had no charms for him. In Italy the memories gathered in Germany of the Past crystallized and grew into delightful poetry.

The year that Scheffel spent in Italy, from April, 1852, to May, 1853, was a memorable one. The artist and art historian Edward von Engerth, the director of the Belvedere at Vienna, went to Italy in the fall of 1851, on his wedding trip, with his beautiful young bride. In Rome they gathered around them all the German artists and celebrities in the city. In the following spring they went to Albano, the summering place of many of the German art colony. Among the latter were the archæologist Braun, the artist-poet Hollpein, the Berlin painter Schlegel, and among the ladies, Hofdame Frl. von Schulte, of Hanover; the beautiful Frau

Malvine von Backhausen, of North Germany, and the artiste Amalia Bensinger, of Swabia. In May, 1852, the circle received an addition in two new arrivals from Germany, the one a tall, straight, handsome man with full blonde beard and hair—he was the landscape painter Willers, of Oldenburg; the other, a young, medium-sized man with beardless face, fine, intelligent features—Joseph Scheffel, Willers' pupil. The latter, says Engerth, made an immediate and favorable impression upon everybody, though he was taciturn and reserved. This, however, came from his own regrets at beginning his artistic career so late in life. He was twenty-six and had only just commenced to draw from nature, and brush and palette were yet a long way ahead. "We said one to the other, what a pity that such a remarkably talented man should dream only of being a landscape painter." This expression was evoked by his gift of poetic story-telling in the circle of his summer friends at Albano.

Engerth says: "When we sat at dinner or supper and he told us some story of his home, described any curious figure or event from his student days or his court-practice, we had to wonder how artistically he composed his picture. Whenever he related anything which we had seen or experienced ourselves—a meeting with a beggar or a herdsman on the Campagna, or an excursion to the mountains, the most simple thing left his lips poetic, attractive, beautiful." On hearing one such story Frau von Engerth exclaimed: "Why, lieber Scheffel, why waste your time with painting? You ought to be a poet." In fact, Scheffel's heart had been long busy with poetic dreams: the figures of Young Werner and the beautiful Margaretha had been gradually taking on life, and finally he packed up his sketches and, leaving Rome, sought seclusion on the rocky island of Capri. There, lodging in the inn kept by Don Pagano, a personage well known to all German artists at the time, Scheffel wrote within six weeks his poem of "Der Trompeter von Säkkingen," with its beautiful pictures of medieval life and its quaint philosophy and its love story that have charmed two generations of Germans, and which, in operatic shape, is now presented to the American public. With the "Trompeter" in manuscript Scheffel left Capri and hastened to Sorrento, where his friend Paul Heyse was expecting him to hear the first reading of his completed poem.

The "Trompeter von Säkkingen" was published in Germany in the following autumn (1853). Strange to say, in view of its present popularity, it remained for some years almost unnoticed, and the critics who now hail it as one of the most charming poetic works of modern German literature, treated it with severe coldness. It appeared at an unfortunate literary era, and its quaint humor, its quainter philosophy, its refreshing naturalness only gradually won their way, first through a small circle of friends, against the prevailing sad-sentimental tendencies of Redwitz's "Amaranth." "Scheffel was," says a recent biographer, "the only true humorist in a period that had almost forgotten how to laugh. But gradually it won its way, edition after edition was called for, and a perfect cultus was carried on with it, in which German Jungfrauen took the rôle of priestesses." Scheffel himself, in one of his many prefaces to new editions, has perhaps given the best picture of its reception:—

Heidelberg at the present time.

Five years have passed since thou, O joyous song,
Went forth as book sent out to meet thy fate;
As simple Trumpeter to charm the throng:
But fortune smiled not on thee all too great;
The narrow guilds of cold intelligences
Were not toward thee friendly inclined;
Where form and numbers rule the warmer senses,
Is no good place for thee or for thy kind:—
And from the heights of bellied crinoline
Shedded on thee has little favor been.

What suits one suits not all. On mountain side
Grow diff'rent flowers from those in the vale;
But here and there where German folk abide,
Didst find a heart that bid the singer hail!

And seated at the round convivial table,
Exchanging stories and brave memories old,
To learn from many a witness I was able
Of what more joy to poets gives than gold:—
The Bugler of whose memory I had sung,
Was cherish'd in the heart of old and young.

* * * *

After leaving Italy Scheffel settled in Heidelberg for a number of years, to prepare himself for a professorship. But an eye trouble prevented him from following his intentions. He then took more kindly to the convivial life of Heidelberg than in former years, and for a club of good fellows, styled the "Engeren," which

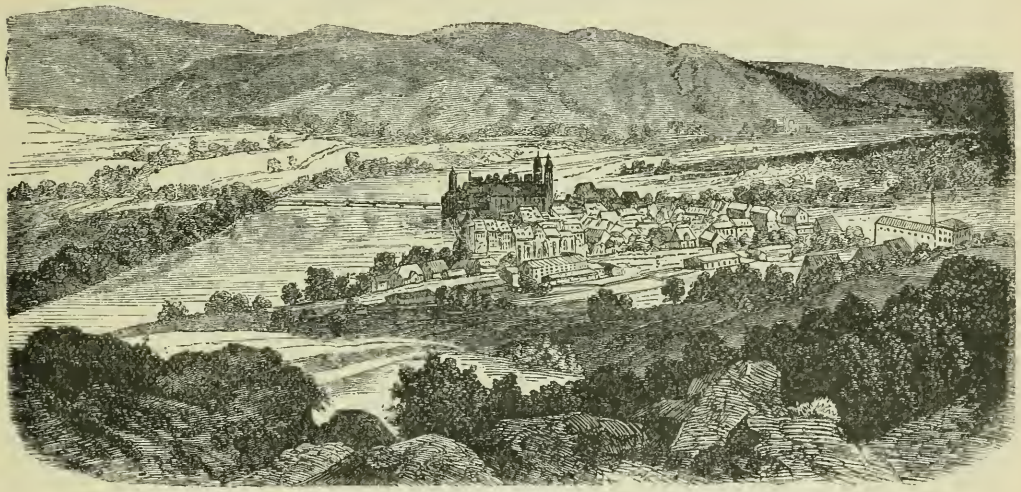
Sackingen in 1650.

Where joyous brothers, to the gold-wine bidden
Gave mirth in song thou too wert often found;
In good old hunter's game-bags oft wert hidden,
And landscape painters sometimes had thee 'round:
And pastors, too, the ancient legends say,
As forest prayer-book read thee on the way.

By many who a fair young bride had married,
And with her journey'd in the world alone,
Wert thou as gift and pastime often carried—
For two can read thee quite as well as one.
And Sackingen, the Forest City worthy,
That was not all too pleased at the start,
In time found, too, a good affection for thee,
And, touched at last, just took thee to its heart:—
And all in all, in good and evil ways,
Hast in the world had perfect joyous days.

used to meet every Wednesday evening, to which men like Von Rockau, the publicist, and the historian Ludwig Häusser belonged, he wrote most of his student songs, in which he gave free reins to his quaint humor. These were published in 1868 under the title of "Gaudeamus," a few of which have been rendered into English by Hans Breitman But he did not neglect more serious work. From this period comes the romance "Ekkehard," the most important work by the poet, the inspiration to which he found in Pertz' "Monumenta Germaniæ." Afterwards he made a second journey to Italy, lived then for a time in Munich, then as librarian of Prince Egon von Fürstenberg in Donauchlingen until the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar invited him to sing of the glory

of the Wartburg, as he had done for Hohentwiel in his "Ekkehard." Scheffel then went to Eisenach, studied the history of the Minnesingers and produced "Frau Aventiure, Songs from the Time of Heinrich von Ofterdingen." But the old inspiration for his work failed him in this, as later in "Juniperus," and his "Bergpsalmen,"—hymns, descriptive of the Alps. Returning to South Germany, he lived thenceforth in Karlsruhe, and in summer at his villa, near Rudolfszell, on Lake Constance. In 1876 his fiftieth birthday was celebrated with great festivities, and the Grand Duke of Baden elevated him to the hereditary nobility. He wrote but little in his later years, but he sought enjoyment amid the brilliant circle of people, who had settled in the Baden capital. Among these were Von Werner, who was then studying painting, with Adolph Schroedter, his future



Sackingen in 1850.

father-in-law; Malvina Schroedter, who was dividing her time between poetry and flower-painting; Lessing, who had recovered from the shock, his brother-in-law, Adolph Schroedter, had inflicted in the Romantic School at Frankfurt in 1848; and Marien Crawford, who was then a student at the Polytechnik, then recovering from the effects of having slept in a room leaving the gas turned on. The Gräfin Fleming, the eccentric grand-daughter of the eccentric Bettina von Arnim, acted as the go-between 'twixt Court and Bohemia. Carlsruhe was a little Weimar in those days—a Weimar without a Göthe and Schiller, and Victor von Scheffel was its brightest literary light.

A few words about the composer, who has been able to make a successful opera out of Scheffel's well-known poem. The composer is a born Alsatian, Victor Ernst Nessler, son of Pfarrherr Karl Ferdinand Nessler, and was born January 28, 1841, in Baldenheim near Schlettstadt. He learnt the elements of music in his home At fourteen he attended the Gymnasium at Strassburg, and after passing his baccalaureate examination, devoted himself to theology. But he always had a decided taste for music; he took instruction in theory, and then composed pieces of religious character, among which were the 125th, 126th and 137th Psalm, and a grand mass for male voices, all to the great regret of his father. An accident gave lasting tendency to Nessler's musical studies and in 1864 he had to give up theology altogether. It came about in this way: Nessler's friend and fellow-theological student, Edmund Febrel, wrote an opera-text, entitled "Fleurette" (the first love of Henry IV), and he had composed the music to it. The opera was accepted for performance at the Strassburg City Theatre, and the names of the two young theologians were printed in large letters on the play-bills. The "evil-doers" were cited to appear before the President of the Directorium, and compelled on account of their very untheological work, to resign from the theological faculty. "Fleurette" was performed for the first time on March 15, 1864, and achieved a brilliant success. The young composer then went to Leipsic, where he completed his musical studies under the teaching of Bernsdorf and Hauptmann, and the advice of David, Moscheles and Reinecke. He first devoted his attention to the composition of choral works; he became leader of a number of Maennergesang-Societies in Leipsic and in 1880 took the direction of the Leipsic Saengerbund, which embraces eight societies of singers. Of this he is still honorary conductor, though at present he resides at Strassburg. In 1868 he composed his romantic opera "Dornröschen's Brautfahrt" (The Sleeping Beauty's Bridal Trip):

then followed two one-act operas entitled "Am Alexanderstag," and "The Night-Watchman," which were accepted by Laube for the Leipsic Opera House. In 1876 his opera "Irmingard" was produced at Leipsic. In 1879 his "Rat-catcher of Hameln" achieved a great success and made the name of the composer renowned. Then he wrote "The Wild Huntsman," and last "The Bugler of Sackingen," one of the greatest successes of modern times on the German operatic stage. Scheffel had never the pleasure of seeing his hero in opera. He has placed on record the fact, however, that he saw him playing his brief hour on the dramatic stage. Had he seen him in Nessler's setting, he might perchance have given us still another preface beyond that in which he tells how he had seen him pictured as the title of the weekly paper of Sackingen, and sinned against on the boards:—

Vignetted on the weekly paper proudly
He stands, and wisdom 'stead of music blows,
Nay, on the stage has often all too loudly
As hero ranted—ask not how it goes.
If in the tower, where for many ages,
Below the castle walls the old one stood,
Were frescoed all the Song's dear personages
With greater skill than Fludribus e'er could—
In truth the artist's hand could soon assuage
The grief caus'd by the sinners of the stage.

The Story of the Opera.

Nessler's opera follows in the main Scheffel's poetic story of "The Trumpeter of Sackingen," a short description of parts of which will assist to a more perfect appreciation of the work of composer and librettist.

The hero is Werner Kirchhof. He is a handsome young fellow who is expelled from Heidelberg University for conduct unbecoming and singing, in a manner unbeseeming, a song under the windows of the English Princess up at the castle. But for its medieval tone the second chapter of The "Trumpeter" would perhaps describe Scheffel's own life at the famous institution of learning at the Neckar. There Werner studied jurisprudence, read and lamented over Roman law, but failed to bring his mind earnestly down to work. Instead of studying, he could only see in the Corpus Juris a dark-haired beauty—"stern Eujacius' beautiful daughter who once upon a time read lectures from her father's catheder at Paris to the fortunate youth of Paris," smiling out upon him from the musty pages. His industry was without fruit: the Corpus Juris—a beautiful Elzevir edition, was placed for safe-keeping in the hands of Levi Ben Machol, who paid two doubloons for the favor, and young Werner became a rollicking, spur-clanking, duel-fighting, wine-drinking *Bursche*, who spent much of his time drinking and talking philosophy with Perkeo, the dwarf guardian of Heidelberg's great tun. Thus he tells to the Schwarzwald pastor the story of how he came to serenade the English Princess and get into serious trouble:

O Perkêo! Better surely
Had it been if I had never
Lent mine ear unto thy wisdom;—
'Twas a cold, bright winter-morning—
In the dark and musty cellar,
With the dwarf had held much converse
Philosophic o'er the wine-jug—
But when up, into the sunshine
I stepp'd forth, the world appear'd to
Me quite changed and strange and curious;
All around seemed rosy tinted;
Thought I heard sweet angels singing;—
On the castle terrace surely
Saw a group of noble ladies,
In their midst the gracious Princess,
The Electress Leonora—
Thither flew my saucy fancies;—
Dazzled were my brain and senses;
Taken wing my wit and wisdom;
Languishing, towards the terrace
Strode, to where she stood in glory,
And began the franctic measure,
That once on a time Elector
Fred'rick sang, in love-sick fashion,
To his bride, the English Princess!

He sang her the song: "As truest of vassals I kneel at thy feet," which is sung by the students in the first act of the opera, Young Werner accompanying on his bugle. Because of this impertinence and insult to majesty, Werner was rudely wakened from his dreams. The staid old beadle summoned him before the Rector, who wrathfully announced his sentence, which was expulsion from the university and banishment from the city. So he set out, a light-hearted cavalier, and rode away down the valley of the Neckar, with only his bugle, with which he hoped to win fortune and adventures, as companion. It is then that Scheffel introduces his readers to the young rider passing through the snow-storm in the Black Forest, and finally finds him shelter in the house of a Schwarzwald Pfarrherr, to whom he relates his adventures. The Pfarrherr, after listening to him, giving him wise counsel and a good meal, advices him to proceed next morning to Sackingen on the Rhine, a place where he is likely to find service, the more so as the day is the fête day of St. Fridoline, the patron of young people:—

"Laughingly the aged Pfarrherr
Rais'd his glass and, laughing, spake:—
Thank your stars that thus it ended:
For I know a different story,

All about a wild young fellow
And a very fair Margravine
And an ugly looking gallows.
Good advice is hard to give, and
Such a case has not been noted,
What on earth to say to such as
Sing and play to noble ladies,
Legal wisdom take to pawnshops,
And with bugle blowing hope to
Find the future fair before them!
But when human wits's exhausted,
Aid is often sent from heaven:—
Down there in the forest town of
Sackingen they have a kindly
Patron saint for younger people—
Good Saint Fridoline— To-morrow
Is the worthy man's great fête-day:
He hath never left unaided
Those who asked his help in need;
Turn thee then to Fridoline!

In the operatic version of the story Werner carouses with the students, and with them is banished from the University. All then join a body of troopers, who are passing through the city on their way south, and thus reach Sackingen. The period in which the action of the prelude falls is given as towards the close of the Thirty Years War. Heidelberg Castle was still in its glory, though it had suffered injury during the long struggles from 1618 to 1648. It owed much of its beauty to Frederick V., who became Prince Elector in 1614. Light-hearted, with a prosperous land and contented people, he was united in marriage with Elisabeth, the beautiful daughter of James I. of England and grand-daughter of Mary, Queen of Scots. For her he built a portion of the castle, called the English Bau, of which only the shell now remains. He transformed the old fortifications into beautiful gardens, about which De Cans wrote in ecstatic praise, and Fonquières, the great Flemish painter, made a picture of it, which was engraved by Merian in 1620. Frederick was deeply in love with his wife, and there still stands at the entrance to the gardens the triumphal arch, with the affectionate dedication: "*Fredericus V. Elizabethæ Coningi Cariss A. C. MDCXV,*" testifying to the Elector's devotion. But she was ambitious, and it was at her instance that Frederick accepted the crown of Bohemia, because the historians say, "she was perpetually repeating to him that she had rather starve with a crown on her head, than live in luxury under an Elector's hat."

So it came to pass on November 4, 1619, that Frederick rode forth from Heidelberg, to take the proferred crown. But he never returned to the castle of his fathers. His kingly reign was brief. On the 8th of November, 1620, the Bohemians, who had entrenched themselves on the White Mountains, were attacked and routed by the united Imperial and Bavarian force, under the Duke of Bavaria and Count Tilly, and Frederick and his wife fled for safety to Holland As he had only reigned one winter, he was derisively called the Winter King. When peace returned, the Palatinate, "the garden of Germany," had been turned into a howling waste. In 1649, Carl Ludwig, son of the Winter King and nephew of the beheaded English King, returned to Heidelberg, after a lifetime of banishment. The castle was so desolated that, it is said, he could hardly find decent lodging within its once stately walls. The University, a Protestant Institution, which during the war had sunk completely crippled, was now revived, Spinoza and others being invited to fill the long vacant professorships. It is in this period that the operatic story falls. It was not till 1688, that Louis XIV. issued his famous order "*Brulez la Palatinat.*" Perkeo, the dwarf, who was indirectly the cause of Werner's leaving Heidelberg, lived in the beginning of the eighteenth century, and was Karl Philipp's court fool. He was a true hero in the vineyard of the lord and was accustomed to get away with fifteen bottles of wine daily. So much for history—as prelude to the opera.

Perkeo.

ACT I.—Young Werner's sojourn in Sackingen proves very fortunate for him. While watching the people coming in boats on the Rhine, to take part on the Saint's fête day, he is able to protect Margaretha (called Maria in the

opera) and his aunt, the Countess, from the rudeness of the Hauenstein peasants, who are in a mood for rebellion against the Baron von Schoenau. The act closes with the annual St. Fridolin's procession, on the 6th of March. In Scheffel's poem Young Werner arrives at Sackingen just in time to witness the fête, and to see the lovely Margaretha walking in demure loveliness in the ranks of the white clad maidens of the fresh lily, and to fall in love with her. Of her loveliness Werner dreamt all day and at night he wandered along the banks of the Rhine, in dreaming mood, like as ages before another bugler "who the day of judgment's thrilling trumpet-call outblasted through the lazy roll of ages," had done, on the banks of the Arno:

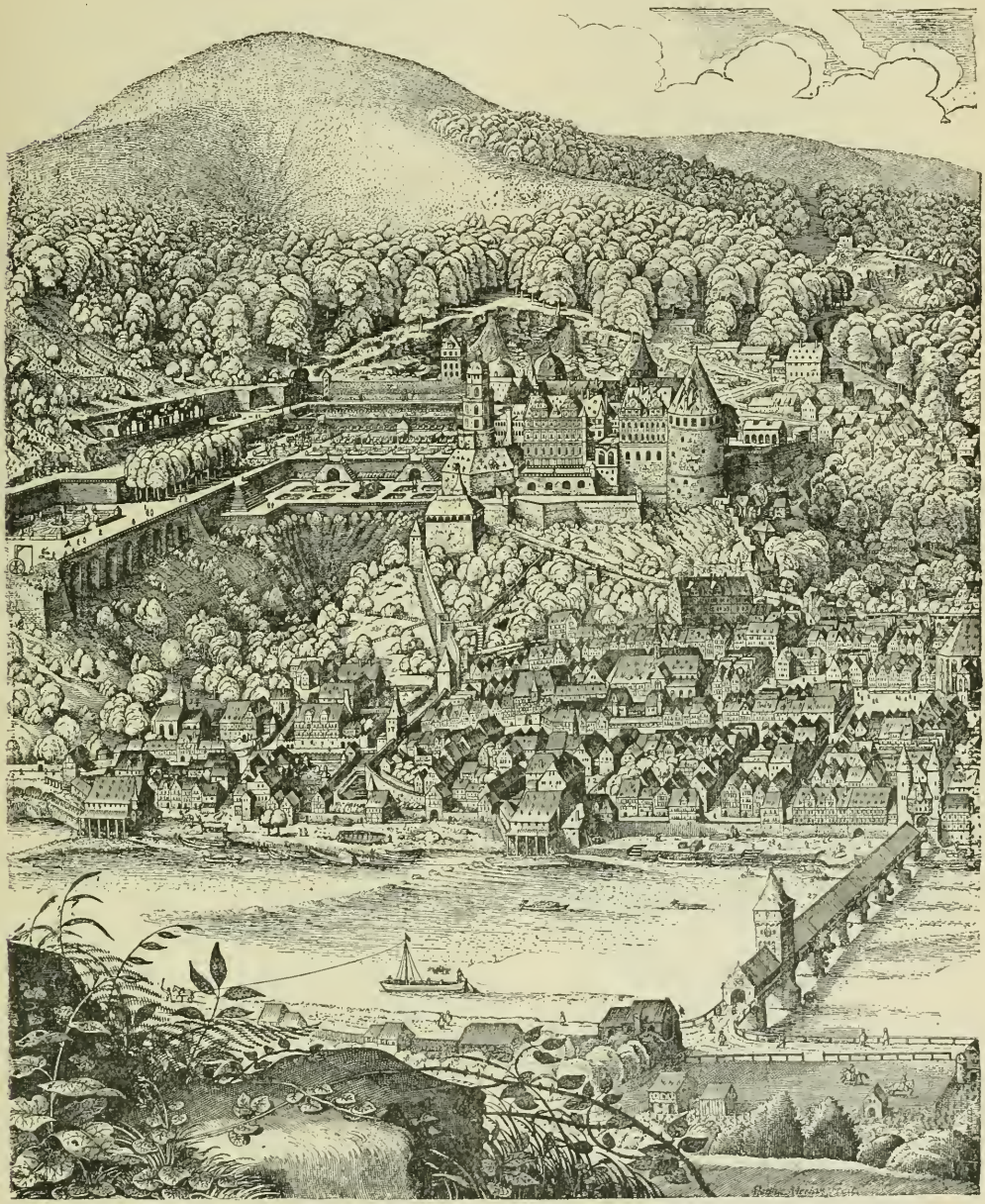
Hiddigeigei.

And so, too, when many thousand,
Thousand years shall have been counted,
Others, filled with love's exulting
Grandeur, shall the same path follow!
And when on the Rhine the last lone
Relic of the race Germanic
Shall have found his rest e'erlasting,
Then shall others follow after
Dreaming these same dreams enchanting,
Talking in sweet words together,
Though in new and stranger language.
Know ye who this coming folk is?
Almond-eyed, with noses flatten d,
They whose sires to-day are dwelling
On the Aral and the Irtisch,
Dreaming as they drink their koumiss,
Of their future power and glory?

Youthful love, O pearl most precious,
Balsam sweet for human sorrow,
Of life's ship the saving anchor,
Ever-green in dreary deserts.—
How can I, a weary mortal,
Sing in new and worthy strains of
All thy blest terrestrial glories?
Filled with meekness and with thanks I
Can but think of thy sweet magic;
Of thy halo, that with golden
Glory shines upon the murky
Mists of youth, revealing clearly,
Sharply, life spread out before us:—
Gentle longings, proud ambitions,
Earnest thought and bold endeavor,
All we owe to Love's inspiring.
Happy they, then, in whose bosom
Love has held triumphant entry.

Young Werner, wandering along the river, is addressed by Father Rhine, who advises him, after a quaint lecture, to get into a boat and he will carry him nearer the object of his dreaming. Werner follows the river god's advice and lets the boat drift down the stream until he reaches a sand-bank opposite the castle. There he lands, and seeing a lighted window in the Schloss, begins to serenade the unknown beauty he had seen in the procession. Down below old Father Rhine listens to the melodious strains; listen too, pike and salmon trout and water nymph, and the northwind bears the music conscientiously up to the lordly castle. Within the room, the old Baron himself is seated, drinking his night-cap, smoking, but bemoaning the gout, a legacy from his war days, that troubled him at times seriously. (This is the first scene, slightly changed, at the opening of the second act of the opera.) At his feet lies stretched the famous cat Hiddigeigei, whose quaint philosophical reflections are a charming feature of Scheffel's poem. Then enters Margaretha, a delightful creature of Scheffel's poetic fancy:

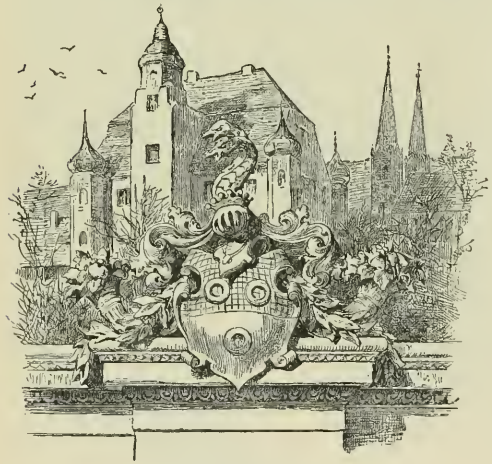
In the room came, stepping lightly,
Then the Baron's charming daughter
Margaretha, and her father
Nodded, smiling, as she entered:
She had changed her robe of velvet
For a dress of snowy whiteness.
In her long blonde locks was fasten'd
Saucily the hooded head-dress,
And house-motherly beneath it
Glanc'd out free her eyes of azure;
From her girdle hung a weighty
Bunch of keys and leathern pocket,
Symbols of the house's mistress:
And she kiss'd the Baron's brow and
Spake: "Dear father, be not angry,
That I left you all so lonely—
In the Cloister long the gracious
Princess-Abbess kept me chatting,
Told me many charming stories,
Spake quite learnedly of age and
Of the teeth of time: and then the
Knight-Commander—he of Beuggen,
Spake full sweet, as if he'd bought his
Words down at the sugar-bakers—
I was glad when I could leave them.
Waiting your command, dear father,
Am prepared to read a chapter
From our dear old Minnesinger
Theuerdank: I know you're fonder
Of adventures and of curious
Hunting stories then the sweetly
Sentimnetal pastoral poetry
Of our modern versifiers.
But, dear father, why then always
Must you smoke this vile and wretch'd
Pois'nous weed you call tobacco?
I'm quite frightened when I see you
'Mid your smoky clouds all hidden,



Heidelberg Castle in 1620.
(From the *Century Magazine.*)

Like the Eggberg in the rain-mist.
And I'm sorry for the gilded
Picture frames upon the panels,
And the handsome snow-white curtains.
Hear you not their soft remonstrance—
How the blasts from your big pipe will
Make them pale and grey and rusty?
It may be a land most wondrous,
This America—discovered
By the worthy Spanish seaman;
And I, too, have much enjoyment
In the gaudy plumaged parrots,
And the purple strings of coral;
Dream at times about the lofty
Palm-tree forests, gorgeous flowers,
Cocoa-nuts and bad wild monkeys:
Though I sometimes wish it still were
Undiscovered in the ocean,
Just because of this obnoxious
Smoke-weed that it sent to plague us:
Willingly would I forgive the
Man who takes far more than needful
From his cup: in case of need would
Bring myself to look with friendly
Eyes upon a nose of ruby—
But tobacco-smoking—never!"

The conversation between the two is delightful. The Baron then tells Margaretha how he



Castle Schönau.

first learned to smoke; how as a prisoner at Vincennes he and his fellow captives had acquired the habit and had attained such perfection in it, that the King himself came to "see the smoking Vesuviuses"; beautiful court ladies too, and among them the proud and beautiful Leanor Montfort de Plessys; and how upon the clouds of smoke that he puffed, Cupid had sat enthroned and merrily shot out his arrows, and with such excellent aim that to the proud beauty "the German bear appeared finer and nobler than all the great lions of Paris." He goes on further to say how when he was released from prison he found himself more captive than before, and how he remained in the bondage of Leanor Montfort de Plessys' charms until he wedded her and brought her home to his castle on the Rhine. Then Margaretha, smiling amid her tears, kneels before him and asks his forgiveness, saying that in future not a word more will she ever speak of the wickedness of smoking. It is then that the Baron is suddenly startled by hearing the sound of Werner's bugling down below on the Rhine. It reminds him of the blasts blown by bugler Rassmann, who had fallen by his side in his last campaign. Next morning he sends out his faithful Anton to search for the midnight bugler. Werner is eventually found, taken to the castle, where the Baron succeeds in inducing him to stay with him and to be his castle bugler, and to lead his little band of musicians. And so Young Werner finds himself installed a member of the Baron's household. In the opera Young Werner is introduced in a somewhat different way. The Baron is speaking of the dangers that threaten the castle in case it should be attacked by the rebellious peasants, and how he regrets that his faithful Rassmann is no longer alive to summon assistance from the troopers in the city in case of attack. It is then that Margaretha tells him about Young Werner, who is also a bugler and the end is that he is induced to accept the post as Rassmann's successor at the castle, and as well to assist the fair Margaretha in her music. The result is evident; but in the opening scene of the act the Baron has received a letter from an old comrade in arms, the Count of Wildenstein, who proposes to visit the Rhine with his son Damian, whom he would like to see wedded to the Baron's fair daughter, Margaretha.

Act II.

In the shady castle-garden
Stand some grand old spreading chestnuts,
And a garden-house inviting.
'Tis a snug and still retreat this—
All around a screen of shade trees,
Down below the water murmurs.

The second act of the opera embraces some lovely scenes, which are suggested rather than taken from the original poem. Several of the songs are Scheffel's, however. The story of Young Werner's life at the baronial castle is contained in three chapters of the original poem, in delightful pictures. The seventh chapter is devoted to a description of a picnic at the mountain lake, which the Baron has arranged in celebration of May Day. The great song of this scene: "*Es kommt ein wunderschöner Knab'*," is given by the Chorus in the opera, in the last act, as "The Coming of Prince May," followed by ballet and dance. The next chapter is devoted to a concert, arranged by Margaretha, assisted by Werner, in honor of the Baron's birth-day, and held in the little garden-house, that has been fresco painted by Fludribus. The next chapter, entitled "Learning and Loving," is a delicious description of how Margaretha finds Werner's bugle in the summer house, and how she is discovered by the young

musician while she is endeavoring to evoke tones from the gilded instrument; further how Werner teaches her diligently, and composes songs in her honor. This is given as the first scene in the second act of the opera, a guitar, however, taking the place of the trumpet. In the poem this incident is preceded by the story of the uprising of the Hauenstein peasants (transferred to the third act of the opera), who attack the castle; of Werner's bravery in leading a sortie, and driving back the hordes, he himself

The Garden House.

being severely wounded; and Margaretha's grief thereat. Then follows another charming chapter, describing Margaretha's care of the wounded man,—how while he was yet unconscious, she bent over him to see if he still breathed, how her lips rested sweetly upon his, and how after this, the first kiss, she fled away in trepidation at her boldness; how later Werner recovered, and walking in the garden, meets Margaretha, and love is triumphant.

Kiss of love, thou first and sweetest,
Thee rememb'ring I am filled with
Joy and sadness—joy that once the
Gods permitted me to kiss it,
Sadness that 'tis kiss'd already.
* * * *Well I know that*
Kissing is far more than language—
'Tis the silent chant of love—
And when words suffice no longer,
It beseemeth well the singer
That he bid his lips be seal'd—
Therefore let our song in silence
Turn once more towards the garden:—
There upon the terrace steps the
Worthy house-cat Hiddigeigei
Sun'd himself and look'd astonish'd
At his mistress as she hasten'd
To Young Werner and embraced him,
And their lips met and she kiss'd him:
Thus philosophizing spake he:—
Searching in the feline heart have
Weighed and thought upon and fathom'd
Many a difficult problem—
But there's one remains unsettled,
Still unsolved, uncomprehended—
Why do people kiss each other?

'Tis not hatred, for they bite not,
'Tis not hunger, for they eat not,
Nor can it be blind and aimless
Ignorance, for they are always
Smart and sane enough in actions.
Why, then? 'Tis in vain I ponder,
Why do people kiss each other?
Why, again, do most the younger?
And these mostly in the Springtime?
On this point unsolved, unsettled,
I will meditate more closely
On the gable-roof to-morrow.

***

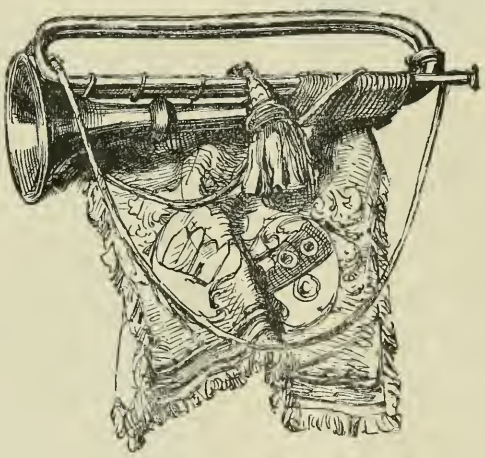
"Margaretha, sweetest treasure,"
Spake Young Werner, "thou hast given
Back to me my life: hast given it
Back enrich'd with thy sweet loving!"
"Thine forever! so love speaketh:
Thou and thou, and heart and heart, and
Lip to lip, that is love's language.
So Sir Werner, give another
Kiss to me!" That was their wooing.
When the moon appears above us,
Soon there follow stars unnumber'd—
So when kiss the first is given
Follow quickly hosts of others.
But how many there were robb'd and
Then paid back my song says nothing—
Poetry and statistics stand just
Now on very wretched footing.

Then comes the denouncement. In the poem Werner asks for the hand of his Margaretha. But the old Baron, hurt and surprised, does not take the singer's request kindly, and he is banished from the castle. Then begins his wanderings anew, that lead him this time to Rome. In the opera he returns to his post, among the troopers in the city. The Baron is grieved, however, for the handsome young fellow. "It hurts me too," he exclaims, "to refuse him. Why was not the brave man called Damian of Wildenstein." In the opera the Count of Wildenstein arrives with Damian. But the latter fails to make an impression upon Margaretha's heart. Werner leaves, after singing Scheffel's celebrated song of farewell: "*Behüt' dich Gott, es wär' zu schön gewesen.*"

Now Farewell! O, hour of sadness!
Who thee first of all invented?
Surely 'twas some wicked mortal
Dwelling near the Polar Ocean;
Freezingly the icy blizzard
Blew about his nose: his shaggy,
Jealous spouse his life made weary,
And the whale's delicious blubber
Never well to him had tasted:
O'er his head he drew a yellow
Sea-dog's skin, and with his sturdy
Staff in fur-glov'd hand he beckoned
To his Ylaleyka, and rudely
Shouted to her as he vanish'd:
"Fare thee well! I'm going to leave thee!"....
In the valley near the castle
Werner stay'd and with his bugle
Sent a last farewell, in greeting
Up to her he'd left behind him:

Know ye not the song the swan sings
When he feels that death is nearing,
And swims out upon the waters?
And the roses, and the tender
Water-lilies hear his sorrow:
"Beauteous world, and must I leave thee?
Beauteous world, and must I die?"

Act III.—In the last act of the opera the Hauenstein peasants attack the Baron's castle Damian proves to be an arrant coward, while Werner, at the head of the troopers, does wonders in bravery and saves the castle from pillage. Fortunately, too, it is found out that the young bugler has a birthmark upon his arm, and he turns out to be the first born son of the old Count of Wildenstein, who had been stolen from his home as a boy by a roving band of gypsies. There is then of course nothing to prevent his marriage with Margaretha. In the poem Young Werner goes to Rome, where he becomes the leader of the capella in St Peter's. Fair Margaretha, after Werner had left the Rhine, faded day by day until at last the Baron consented to allow the Princess-Abbess to take her with her to Rome, where she was to go on a pilgrimage. It is there, while present at one of the ceremonial functions of the church, that the *Wiedersehen* occurs. Werner is ennobled by Pope Innocent XI., the twain are wedded and they return to the Rhine, where they live afterwards joyous and contented. *J. P. J.*



The Trumpeter of Sackingen.

(Der Trompeter von Sackkingen.)

Vorspiel.—Prelude.

The Court Yard of Heidelberg Castle by Night.

Chor der Studenten.

I.

Alt Heidelberg, du feine,
Du Stadt an Ehren reich,
Am Neckar und am Rheine
Kein' andre kommt dir gleich.

II.

Stadt fröhlicher Gesellen,
An Weisheit schwer und Wein,
Klar ziehn des Stromes Wellen,
Blauäuglein blitzen drein.

Werner.

III.

Und kommt aus lindem Süden
Der Frühling über's Land,
So webt er dir aus Blüthen
Ein schimmernd Brautgewand.

IV.

Auch mir stehst du geschrieben
In's Herz gleich einer Braut,
Es klingt wie junges Lieben
Dein Name mir so traut.

Chor der Studenten.

V.

Und stechen mich die Dornen,
Und wird mir's drauss zu kahl,
Geb' ich dem Ross die Spornen
Und reit' in's Neckarthal!

Chorus of Students.

I.

Old Heidelberg, thou Fairest,
With fame and honors crown'd
'Mid rivals thou the rarest,
The Rhine or Neckar 'round

II.

Home thou of jovial fellows,
In wisdom rich, and wine;
How clear thy Neckar's billows!
How bright thy maidens' eyen!

Werner.

III.

And when the Spring, in splendor,
Comes, all the land to bless;
The flowers their best surrender,
To make thy bridal dress.

IV.

Art in my bosom holden,
A bride, for ever near,
Thy name in accents golden,
Rings ever on my ear.

Chorus of Students.

V.

And when all round is cheerless,
And storms my path assail,
I spur my horse, and, fearless,
Ride down the Neckar's vale.

Chorus of Troopers.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Conradin.

Right well the fellows rattle,
With never a steed in stall;
No blades have they for battle;
They're goosequill-swordsmen all!

Chorus of Troopers.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Conradin.

But look—a handsome cavalier!
From head to foot a gallant, sheer!
Wears spurs and sword, all spick and span,
From top to toe a soldier-man!
You're condemn'd to sit and ponder
O'er your studies dull down yonder,
While we out to din of battle,
Through the world on horseback rattle.

Chorus of Troopers.

So, comrades, on to the rollicking reel,
In doublet of leather or corset of steel;
On whinneying steed, the sword in the hand,
So speeds the bold rider away through the land!

A Student.

Listen, how their tongues are wagging,
Sure they talk too much;
But if braves were made of bragging
Then were these troopers such!

(A folding door is opened in the upper gallery and the Major-domo appears on the balcony.)

Major-domo.

Silence—silence, my good masters!
Why all this nocturnal noise,
Why this rumpus too infernal,
Revelling and riot eternal!

Chorus of Students.

Ah, in place of worse disaster
Comes the house and cellar-master!
Midnight must forsooth be near.
Ha! ha! ha!

Major-domo.

My good sirrahs, don't you hear!
What unheard of rude behaviour!
My sweet mistress begs you'll save your
Hideous noise for times of wassail,
And now get you from the castle.

Chorus of Students.

All hail! The Electress dear!
She'd rejoice if we should here—
Up in song our voices raise,
And her many virtues praise!

Some of the Students.

Yes, in truth, the thought is bright,
Serenade—in the silent night,—
Just the thing for highborn ladies.

Other Students.

Such a plan right eas'ly made is,
But who here shall dare the duty,
Sing to her of love and beauty?

All the Students.

Brother Werner!—by him best
Were our words in tone express'd;
Blows the flute and plays bass-viol,
But bugles best, there's no denial.

Werner.

On the bugle!—So it be!
Hand the instrument to me!
In the gypsy band that brought me
Up, a player to bugle taught me,
And he taught me pretty well!

(To Conradin.)

Give me thy war-horn, comrade old,
Thou man of gallant fighting;
The moonbeams dance upon its gold,
The players lips inviting!

Conradin

(gives him the bugle).

For such a handsome youth,
'Tis at your service, sooth!
Though for the higher needs of art
My war-horn ne'er was bought;
It won for me my general's heart
On many a field well-fought.
Fresh for reveille its echoes were,
And every evening, late, for her.
So let its tones now bear along,
The plaint of Pfalzcount Friedrich's song!

(Werner begins, after a short prelude, under the Electress's windows.)

Chor der Reiter (mit Spott).

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Conradin.

Worauf wollt ihr denn reiten?
Habt ja kein Ross im Stall.
Habt ja kein Schwert zum Streiten,
Seid Federfuchser all'

Chor der Reiter.

Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!

Conradin.

Da schaut den schmucken Reiter an:
Vom Kopf zum Fuss ein ganzer Mann,
Trägt Sporn und Hieber nicht zum Staat,
Mit Herz und Hand ist er Soldat.
Ihr müsst sitzen, ihr müsst schwitzen,
Im Colleg die Ohren spitzen,
Während wir zu Kampf und Siegen
Hoch zu Ross die Welt durchfliegen.

Chor der Reiter.

Wohlauf, Kameraden, zum fröhlichen Streit,
Im ledernen Wams wie im eisernen Kleid,
Auf wieherndem Rosse, das Schwert in der Hand,
So flieget der Reiter durch's weite Land.

Ein Student.

Ueberall macht sich am breit'sten
Wilder Reiterbrauch;
Wär' der Prahler am gescheidsten,
Wär's der Reiter auch!

(Eine Flügelthür in der oberen Gallerie öffnet sich, und der Haushofmeister der Kurfürstin erscheint.)

Haushofmeister (ängstlich).

Aber—aber, meine Herren,
Welche nächtlich arge Störung!
Just als gäb' es hier Empörung,
Oder höllische Verschwörung!

Chor der Studenten.

In Ermang'lung and'rer Geister,
Kommt der Haus- und Kellermeister!
Mitternacht muss nahe sein.
Ha! ha! ha!

Haushofmeister.

Meine Herren, haltet ein!
Welche rohen Burschensitten!
Die Frau Kurfürstin lässt bitten,
Ihren Schlummer nicht zu stören
Und sich aus dem Schloss zu scheeren.

Chor der Studenten.

Hurrah, die Frau Kurfürstin!
Sicher wär's nach ihrem Sinn,
Wenn wir ihrer noch gedächten
Und ihr gleich ein Ständchen brächten.

Einige Studenten.

Ja, wahrhaftig, klug gedacht!
Sang und Klang bei stiller Nacht,
Der entzückt ja stets die Frauen.

Andere Studenten.

Doch wer wird sich wohl getrauen,
Ihre Durchlauchtigsten Gnaden
Kühnlich anzuserenaden?

Alle Studenten.

Bruder Werner, du allein
Kannst den Worten Töne leih'n—
Spielst die Gambe, bläst die Flöte
Und zumal erst die Trompete— —

Werner.

Die Trompete?—Ja, fürwahr:
Reicht mir 'ne Trompete dar!
Hab' in den Zigeunerhorden,
D'rin ich aufgezogen worden,
Das Trompeten gut gelernt.

(Zu Conradin.)

Gieb mir dein Kriegshorn, Spielgesell,
Du alter, wack'rer Degen,—
Im Mondstrahl blitzt es zauberhell
Und lockend mir entgegen.

Conradin

(giebt ihm seine Trompete).

Solch' einem schmucken Herrn
Hilft jeder Reiter gern!
Zwar ist wohl für die hohe Kunst
Mein Kriegshorn nicht gemacht,
Doch hat es mir des Feldherrn Guns
In mancher Schlacht gebracht.
Frisch zur Reveille schallt' es früh,
Und erst am Abend spät für sie— —
So tön' auch nun zum Lied sein Klang,
Das einstmal Pfalzgraf Friedrich sang.

(Werner präludirt auf der Trompete unter dem Fenster der Kurfürstin.)

Chorus of Students and Troopers.

I.

As truest of vassals, I kneel at thy feet,
Pfalzcountess, fairest of fair!
Command, and with Kaiser and Empire I'd fight,
Command, and for thee, yes for thee, I'd delight
The world into tatters to tear!]

II.

I'd fetch thee from heaven, the sun and the moon,
Pfalzcountess, fairest of fair!
I'd fetch down the glittering stars without count,
Like frogs on the point of my sword they should mount,
And thou should'st gaze on them there!

III.

Command, and I'd then be thy own court fool,
Pfalzcountess, fairest of fair!
Yea, fool I am now, without thy command,
And dazed by the bright-flashing sunlight I stand,
Yes, dazed by thy eyes' bright pair!

The Major-domo.

Good are priests for ghosts and demons,
Water helps with cats and tremens;
But against such bands rubific,
Here on earth there's no specific.
Slumber would my mistress gracious,
Never heard such row audacious!
I wont stay here more to wheedle,
I'll the Rector fetch and beadle.

The Students (mocking).

Beadle bum! Beadle bum!
If you call him, he will come!
Yes, beadles they are brainy
And wide awake,
And sun, or shine or rainy,
Their captures make.
They never eat,
They never drink,
And when on duty,
Never think;
Yes, beadles they are brainy
And wide awake.

The Major-domo.

Never heard such conduct shocking!
Here, our staid officials mocking!
Get you hence, or else beware,
Here is not the kneipe, where
You can hold your orgies sickly,
Go!—I'll fetch the Rector quickly!

(Werner 'ays a tune upon his bugle.)

Conradin.

Hey! hey! young gallant, that was good!
You played that like a court musician!
Your veins have surely soldier blood,
You're fitted for some great position.
A noble steed is all you lack,
To fit you to lead the grim attack.
Here is my hand, give me your own—
Come, drink a bumper, comrade gay,
And join our ranks as soldier to-day!

Werner.

Nay, nay! Nay, nay! I understand!
Recruiters' drums are heard in the land,
You, too, might be a recruiter bold.

Conradin.

For recruiting officer I'm—too old!

Werner.

A trooper's blade I'd gladly hold;
But, alas, my good old foster-pater,
Who with his worthy name baptized me,
And all through life has idolized me,
And here in our good Alma Mater
As doctor of laws is a worthy Professor,
Would fain, that I should be his successor.

Conradin.

That a noble work—I'm sure is!
Well, so take thy Corpus Juris,
Seat thee on the bench and gnaw the
Bones and crumbs, the Roman lawyers
Left you from their banquet table.

Werner.

Roman law, of all law fountain!
Nightmare on me, like a mountain!

Through the wide world I would wander,
Where the moonbeams kiss the dew;
Where the gods their best gifts squander,
And where Love is strong and true.

Chor der Studenten und Reiter.

I.

Ich knie vor Euch als getreuer Vasall,
Pfalzgräfin, schönste der Frauen!
Befehlet, so streit' ich mit Kaiser und Reich,
Befehlet, so will ich für Euch, für Euch,
Die Welt in Fetzen zerhauen.

II.

Ich hol' Euch vom Himmel die Sonn' und den Mond,
Pfalzgräfin, schönste der Frauen!
Ich hol' Euch die Sterne sonder Zahl,
Wie Fröschlein sollt Ihr die funkelnden all'
Gespiesst am Degen erschauen.

III.

Befehlet, so werd' ich für Euch zum Narr,
Pfalzgräfin, schönste der Frauen!
Ja, Narre bin ich schon sonder Befehl,
Das Sonn'liebt blendet mich allzubell
Von Euren zwo Augen, den blauen.

Haushofmeister.

Gegen Geister hilft der Pater,
Wasser gegen Katz' und Kater:
Wenn wir doch ein Mittel kennten
Gegen Reiter und Studenten.
Die Frau Kurfürstin will schlafen.
Der Senat soll euch bestrafen;—
Geht ihr nicht, so schick ich schnell
Noch zu Rector und Pedell.

Die Studenten (spottend).

Zum Pedell? Hei duida?
Nennst du ihn, gleich ist er da.
Pedelle sind der Segen
Von jeder Zeit,
Im Sonnenschein und Regen
Zum Fang bereit.
Sie essen nicht,
Sie trinken nicht,
Vergessen nicht
Des Dienstes Pflicht:
Pedelle sind der Segen
Von jeder Zeit.

Haushofmeister.

Seht mir solche freche Rotten
Selbst die Obrigkeit verspotten.
Sucht das Weite! macht euch fort!
Hier ist wahrlich nicht der Ort,
Noch bei Nacht zu commerciren;—
Will den Rector gleich citiren!

Conradin.

Ei, ei, Jungbürschlein wohlgemuth,
Du bläst ja wie ein Hoftrompeter,
In dir steckt echtes Reiterblut,
Du bist zu gut für Tint' und Feder.
Ein schnelles Ross nur, glaube mir,
Fehlet zum echten Reiter dir,
Hier meine Hand und schlage fröhlich ein,
Trink' aus dem Humpen, Kamerad,
Auf unsere Rotte, dann bist du Soldat.

Werner.

Lasst ab! lasst ab! es ist mir bekannt,
Die Werbetrommel geht durch's Land;—
Ihr könntet selbst ja Werber sein.

Conradin.

Ich, Werbeoffizier?—O nein!

Werner.

Ein Reitersmann möcht' ich wohl sein;
Allein mein alter Pflegevater,
Der mich von den Zigeunern kaufte
Und dann auf seinen Namen taufte
Und hier an uns'rer *alma mater*
In beiden Rechten ist Professor,
Der möchte gern, ich würd' Assessor.

Conradin.

Ei, Respect vor der Carrière,
Nun, so nimm dein *Corpus juris*,
Setz' dich auf die Bank und höre,
Wie vom Herrn Professor wird
Altes röm'sches Recht docirt.

Werner.

Römisches Recht, die grösste der Plagen!
Ach, ich hab' es längst im Magen!—

Möchte in die Ferne schweifen,
Wo der Mond die Nebel küsst,
Kühn die weite Welt durchstreifen,
Bis ein holdes Lieb mich grüsst.

On my reckless course would hold me,
Struggling aye with fate malign,
Till two eyes of sunshine told me:
Rest thee, here is rapture thine!

O vision of rapture!
O dreams full of bliss!
O lips that shall capture
My heart with a kiss!

To youth aye uncloses
The blossoms that thrill;
Let rapture and roses
My life henceforth fill!

Conradin.

O dreamings of rapture,
A life full of bliss;
Yes lips can e'en capture
The heart with a kiss!

To youth aye uncloses
The blossoms that thrill;
Despair not, for roses
The young heart shall fill!

Grasp your bugle, do your duty:
Take a dark-eyed gypsy beauty,
Or if not, a maid with golden
Hair and other charms untolden;
Then on horseback with us go,
With us aye the bugle blow!

Werner.

What? Your bugler? 'Tis truly meant?
And in your good regiment,
You'll take me as a trooper bold?

Conradin.

So, here's to you, and take the gold!

Chorus of Troopers.

So the bargain firmly hold!
Shalt to no man subject be,
But a trooper, strong and free!

Werner.

Nay, wont be bounden thus to you!

Conradin.

Well then, I must my duty do:
Up—and seize him—he's our booty!

Werner.

Comrades—come!

The Troopers.

For life and duty!

Conradin.

Hey, he fights like any trooper!

The Students.

Comrades—strike!

(The Rector and two Beadles interfere).

The Rector.

Stay your hands! No fighting!

The Major-domo.

See you not, Magnificus?
Here they make this dreadful fuss;
Here your academic youngsters
Scoff at order, fight with bungsters!
Example make of all the number,
They broke up the Princess' slumber!

Rector Magnificus.

Example make of all the number,
The Electress can not slumber.
Bad enough is bugle blowing,
Worse, this riot nocturnal, knowing,
You are on forbidden spot;
Therefore be the graceless lot
Relegirt and exmittirt,
Excernirt and excludirt!

Some of the Students.

Relegirt and exmittirt?

Others.

Excernirt and excludirt?

Rector.

All, yes, all be relegirt!

Werner.

Benches, debts and all be quitted!

Chorus of Students.

Relegirt?—Alack a day!
Heidelberg—we must away!
Heidelberg, thou home of Muses,
Lo thy penal code's a shame:
Rights alas, to us refuses,
Which thy nightingales may claim!

Möcht' auf muth'gem Rosse jagen,
Kämpfen kühn mit dem Geschick,
Bis zwei liebe Augen sagen:
Ruhe aus, hier winkt dein Glück!

O Wonnegedanken,
O Träume voll Lust,
Ihr schlingt euch wie Ranken
Um meine Brust!

Brich, jugendlich Wagen,
Mit frischem Schein,
Wie rosiges Tagen
In's Leben herein!

Conradin.

Das nenn' ich Gedanken
Voll Lebenslust!
O, lass' sie nicht wanken
In deiner Brust.

Die Jugend muss wagen,
Muss muthig sein—
Nicht grübeln, nicht zagen,
Dem Glücke sich weih'n.

Darum greif' nach der Trompete,
Nimm ein schwarzgelocktes Mädchen;
Heisst sie Marthe oder Grete—
Wenn sie nur die Schönst' im Städtchen;
Zieh' zu Ross landaus, landein,
Kannst bei uns Trompeter sein.

Werner.

Wie? Trompeter?—Potz Element!
Und in eurem Regiment?
Ei, das wär', wie ich's gewollt.

Conradin.

So stoss' an und nimm dies Gold!

Chor der Reiter.

Ja, stoss' an und nimm das Gold,
Dann ist's so, wie du's gewollt!
Bist dann Keinem unterthan,
Bist ein freier Reitersmann.

Werner.

Nein, damit fangt ihr mich nicht.

Conradin.

Nun, so kenn' ich meine Pflicht:
Auf, ergreift mir den, Soldaten!

Werner.

Burschen, 'raus!

Die Reiter.

D'rauf, Kameraden!

Conradin.

Ei, der kann's ja wie ein Reiter!

Die Studenten.

Burschen, d'rauf!

(Der Rector magnificus tritt mit Pedellen dazwischen.)

Rector magnificus.

Haltet ein! nicht weiter!

Haushofmeister.

Seht Ihr es, Magnificenz?
Klar wird's euch zur Evidenz:
Eure akadem'sche Jugend
Ehrt nicht Ruh', noch Bürgertugend;—
Exemplarisch müsst Ihr strafen— —
Ihre Durchlaucht kann nicht schlafen!

Der Rector magnificus.

Exemplarisch muss ich strafen—
Ihre Durchlaucht kann nicht schlafen!
Schlimm ist das Trompetenblasen,
Schlimm das Lärmen und das Rasen
Hier bei Nacht im hohen Schloss;
Darum sei der ganze Tross
Relegirt und exmittirt,
Excernirt und excludirt.

Einige Studenten.

Relegirt und exmittirt?

Andere.

Excernirt und excludirt?

Rector.

Alle—Alle relegirt!

Werner.

Relegirt von Bank und Schulden?

Studentenchor.

Relegirt? O Schreckenswort!
Heidelberg, wir müssen fort!

Musenstadt, dir muss ich klagen,
Was dein Strafgesetzbuch spricht:
Nachtigallen dürfen schlagen,
Doch Studenten dürfen's nicht.

Werner.

Lord Rector Magnificus,
Wrong it is to use us thus;
Prisoners we will never be,
We'll be troopers, frank and free!

Chorus of Students.

Prisoners we will never be,
We'll be troopers, brave and free!

(The Rector Magnificus, the Major-domo and Beadles leave.)

Werner.

Ho! gallant trooper! where's your gold?
The devil with pens, ink and paper may hump it!
Your earnest here!—I'm a trooper bold,
And glory awaits when you hear my trumpet!

All.

Oh, comrades, on to the rollicking reel,
In doublet of leather, or corset of steel;
On whinneying steed, the sword in the hand,
So rides the bold trooper away through the land!

Where's courage, there's strength, and where strength, there's might;
The thicker the foe and the hotter the fight;
The hotter the fight, and the sooner it's done;
Then on: there's many more days to be won!

(They march away, Werner blowing the bugle, passing under the window of the Electress.)

END OF THE PRELUDE.

Werner.

Herr Rector magnificus,
Bringt dem Carcer unsern Gruss:
Nimmer sperrt Ihr uns mehr ein,
Wollen freie Reiter sein!

Chor der Studenten.

Nimmer sperrt Ihr uns mehr ein,
Wollen freie Reiter sein!

(Rector magnificus mit dem Haushofmeister und den Pedellen ab.)

Werner.

Ja, freie Reiter! Nun wohlan!
Zum Henker mit Tinte und Feder–
Das Handgeld her!—Bin Reitersmann
Und wohlbestallter Kriegstrompeter.

Alle.

Wohlauf, Kameraden, zum fröhlichen Streit,
Im ledernen Wams und im eisernen Kleid,
Auf wieherndem Rosse, das Schwert in der Hand,
So flieget der Reiter durch's weite Land.

Wo Muth, da ist Kraft, und wo Kraft, da ist Macht,
Je dichter der Feind, desto heisser die Schlacht;
Je heisser die Schlacht, desto kühler 's Quartier:
Stets vorwärts weht lustig des Reiters Panier.

(Abmarsch.)

ENDE DES VORSPIELS.

ACT I.

Saint Fridoline's Day.

Open Place before the Church of St. Fridoline at Sackingen.

FIRST SCENE.

Chorus and Peasant Dance.

Young Hans swings his Liesa, and Liesa her Hans,
Hurrah—and hurrah—they join in the dance;—
How merry the fiddle, how deep drones the bass;
They trip it so lightly, each lad with his lass! Hurrah!

Some Old Men.

All too early you've begun!
In the evening, every one
Could to Fridolini's glory
Dance away till he grows hoary!

Some Young Sackingers.

O Fridoline, saint-patron won
By all young people worthy,
We sing thy praise, o Erin's son,
And for thy grace implore thee;
We praise thee in the glad spring-tide,
When world and heart are open wide,
And flowers their heads up raise,—
A thousand times we praise
Thee, sainted Fridoline!

Conradin.

O, sainted Fridoline!

Some of the Young Girls (teasing him).

What makes the ancient trooper sigh—
For love long since bid him good-bye.

Conradin.

O Fridolini holy,
Thy servant I am wholly;
O why dost lend thy glory
To young ones only? — Hoary
I am, yet not of stone!

The Young Girls.

Yes, yes, that's quite well known!
Yet, wise is he
Who clear can see
When comes his time to rest a wee.

Conradin.

And that I call pure insolence!
You young ones mock at my expense!
Think you the worthy magistrate
Put me in power for show and state?
O no, but that I should
Watch o'er you always for your good!

The Young Girls (laughing).

Hey, sure it must a burden be,
Since age is not from folly free!

Conradin.

Hey, come to me, sweet sassie,
You red-cheeked Schwarzwald lassie,
And give a hearty kiss,—
O sweet one, grant me this!

Chorus of Hauenstein Peasants.

What does the wrinkled grayhead want?
Thinks he can younger men supplant!

Conradin.

And though my heart is somewhat worn,
The girls need treat me not with scorn.

ERSTER AKT.

Sankt Fridolin's-Tag.

Festlich geschmückter Platz vor der Kirche St. Fridolini zu Säkkingen.

ERSTE SCENE.

Chor und Bauerntanz.

Der Hans schwingt die Liese, die Liese den Hans,
Juchheirassasa, die dreh'n sich beim Tanz; —
Hell tönet die Fiedel, und tief brummt der Bass,
Wie hebt das die Füsse, wie lustig klingt das!
Juchhe!

Einige ältere Männer.

Was fangt ihr so früh schon an?
Kann doch Abends Jedermann
Zu St. Fridolini Ehren
Noch genug den Tanzsaal kehren.

Chor der jungen Säkkinger.

O, Fridoline, Schutzpatron
Für alle jungen Leute,
Gegrüsst sei uns, du Nordlandssohn,
Dein schöner Festtag heute —
Gegrüsst im ersten Frühlingslicht,
Wo Welt und Herz die Rinde bricht
Und Alles blüht und spriesst.
Sei tausendmal gegrüsst,
O, heil'ger Fridoline!

Conradin.

O, heil'ger Fridoline!

Einige junge Mädcher.

(neckend zu ihm).

Was seufzt Er, alter Reiter, denn,
Als ob ihm Lieb' im Herzen brenn'?

Conradin.

O, heil'ger Fridoline,
Dem ich so gerne diene:
Warum gilt all dein Walten
Den Jungen nur? — Wir Alten
Sind doch auch nicht von Stein!

Die jungen Mädchen.

Ja, ja, das mag wohl sein!
Doch weise ist
Wer nicht vergisst,
Wann für ihn Zeit zur Ruhe ist.

Conradin.

Das nenn' ich mir doch Uebermuth!
Respekt vor mir, du junge Brut!
Glaubt ihr, der hohe Magistrat
Hat mich hierher gesetzt zum Staat? —
O nein, dass ich verständnissvoll
Euch Alle überwachen soll!

Die jungen Mädchen (lachend).

Ei, wahrlich eine schwere Pflicht;
Denn Alter schützt vor Thorheit nicht.

Conradin.

Drum komm mal her, mein Käthchen,
Rothwangig Schwarzwaldmädchen,
Und gieb mir einen Schmatz,
Du süsser Herzensschatz!

Chor der Hauensteiner Bauern.

Was fällt dem alten Graukopf ein? —
Lässt er gleich das Charmiren sein!

Conradin.

Ward bei der Liebe wettergrau:
Die Weiber kenn' ich ganz genau —

Chorus.

For Hans swings his Liesa, and Liesa
her Hans, etc.

The Peasants.

Nay that is sure a sin and shame,
When soldier men with peasants claim
That they in rank are just the same.

Conradin.

Oh, we are the warriors!
And you are the carriers!

The Peasants.

Your work is like our Baron's there,—
His bailiffs go from fair to fair,
And not a day, this land within,
But what he scrapes the taxes in!
Let our soil be free from toll!

Conradin.

Nay, how you peasants rave:—
The peasant's but his slave,
Whom he from overcoming pride
Must like a father ward, and chide!

The Peasants.

That's just like servile warmen's talk,
Who always with the nobles stalk;—
But you'll find:—With lords entangled,
With the lords you'll all be strangled!

Conradin.

I pray you, do not quite forget,
There's many a sturdy warman yet,
Who'd love to have the gentle task
To give the peasants all they ask!

The Peasants.

Foolhardy trooper, pray take care,
The peasant's cudgel does not spare!

SECOND SCENE.

(Werner appears.)

Werner.

I pray, be calm, friend Conradin!
Let peace prevail to Fridolin—
Why brawl on such a day, and fight?

Conradin.

Whom see I? Werner?—What delight!
You came just in the nick o'time,
Unsheath your sword!—and in then
chime!

Werner.

Nay, hold thee! From all rows abstain!
Rejoice that we have met again.

Conradin.

You're just in time to see the fun.

Werner.

I see, good friend! From every way
The stream of pilgrims, bright and gay.

Conradin.

Saint Fridolini's day of glory—
The patron saint of younger people.

Werner.

And I myself am not yet old,
With heart still whole, of courage bold;
I pray the saint to me be good!
And see, there on the Rhine's clear flood,
A gallant fleet of boats.

Conradin.

'Tis fair!

Werner.

And whom bears yonder bark?

Conradin.

A pair
Of truly very diff'rent kind.

Werner.

Of Dawn and Dusk, they me remind—
One clad in mourning's dark array,
The other young, and sweet as day—
Tell me, who is the vision bright—
Just like a dream of spring's delight?

Conradin.

The Baron's daughter she—
Escorted by her aunt, the Abbess.

Werner.

I never dreamt of such entrancing
beauty!

Chor.

Der Hans schwingt die Liese, die Liese
u. s. w.

Die Bauern.

Das ist doch eine Sünd' und Schand'!
Soldatenstand und Bauernstand,
Die passen nimmer zu einand.

Conradin.

Ja, wir sind auch der Wehrstand,
Und ihr doch nur der Nährstand!

Die Bauern.

Macht's auch wie unser Freiherr dort,
Der Vögte schickt von Ort zu Ort
Und alle Tage weiss ein Fest,
An dem er Steuern sammeln lässt.
Unser Land sei steuerfrei!

Conradin.

Der Freiherr hat ganz Recht:
Der Bauer ist sein Knecht,
Den er vor Stolz und Ueberfluss
Stets väterlich behüten muss.

Die Bauern.

Das ist so recht des Kriegsvolks Art,
Das stets sich um den Adel schaart;
Doch bald heisst's: "Mitgegangen,
Darum auch mitgehangen."

Conradin.

Habt ihr's auf's Kriegsvolk abgesehn?
Hier seht ihr einen Reiter stehn,
Der Trutz dem Bauernvolke beut
Und solch Gesindel nimmer scheut.

Die Bauern.

Verweg'ner Reiter, wehr' dich gut:
Der Bauernknüttel färbt mit Blut!

ZWEITE SCENE.

Werner zu den Vorigen.

Werner.

Gemach, gemach, Freund Conradin!
Musst du selbst bei Sanct Fridolin
Zum Raufen deine Klinge ziehn?

Conradin.

Was seh' ich? Werner? Welche Freud'!
Du kommst mir just zur rechten Zeit:
Die Klinge 'raus! Hilf mir beim Streit!

Werner.

O nicht doch! Lass die Leute gehn,
Und freue dich, dass wir uns wiedersehn.

Conradin.

Kommst just zum Fest zur rechten Zeit.

Werner.

Das seh' ich, Freund! — Auf jedem Pfad
Der Strom der frommen Waller naht.

Conradin.

Sanct Fridolini Fest ist heute,
Des Schutzpatrons der jungen Leute.

Werner.

Ich bin ja auch ein junges Blut
Mit frischem Sinn und keckem Muth:
Der Heil'ge mag mir gnädig sein!
Viel bunte Nachen wiegt der Rhein —
Ei, wie das flaggt und weht!

Conradin.

Nicht wahr?

Werner.

Und wen trägt jener dort?

Conradin.

Ein Paar
Von wahrlich ganz verschied'ner Art.

Werner.

Wie sich mit Nacht der Morgen paart,
Schmiegt sich an's dunkle Trauerkleid
Der Andern eine junge Maid.
Sag an, wer ist das holde Bild,
Das wie ein Frühlingstraum so mild?

Conradin.

Das ist des Freiherrn Töchterlein
Mit ihrer gestrengen Frau Base.

Werner.

Nie ahnt' ich solcher Schönheit Wonne!

THIRD SCENE.

Countess, Margaretha, Boatmen.—The Former. Finally St. Fridoline's Procession.

The Boatmen.

Make room, ye peasants!

The Peasants.

And for whom?
Peasants here have rights, if any,
More than you or just as many;
Here to spite you all we'll stay!
Let see who'll drive us now away?

Werner.

I!—Off, ye rascals! Do you dare?
Full soon I'll better manners teach you!

The Peasants.

Wait now, pretty player, wait!
Learning's just what peasants hate—
But they'll learn what stuff you're made of.

Werner (to Margaretha).

Do not fear!—Let them beware!
Trust yourself to my good care!

Margaretha.

Thanks, good sir! For such brave duty;
Great the service you have done!

Werner.

(Thanks from so much grace and beauty;
Sweet reward that I have won!)
Yet if you would give me pleasure,
Gracious one, beyond all measure,—
—Give me one forget-me-not
From the wreath upon your breast!

Margaretha.

Can my thanks be so expressed—
Right willingly!

(She gives him a forget-me-not, which he places on his hat. Werner makes a gesture bidding the peasants stand back. Margaretha gazes at him with evident interest.)

The Peasants.

O look you—see!
With the Baron's daughter he,
Walks about so proud and prim—
What can she e'er be to him?

The Countess (to Conradin).

Too disgusting!–Plebeian folk!–But can
You say who is yon handsome man,
Of such distinguished bearing,
Who serv'd us by his daring!

Conradin.

His name is Werner, noble dame.
Kirchhof was aye the good man's name
Who found him 'mong a gypsy brood,
And later for his father stood.

Countess.

What? With the gypsies? Not a trace
Has he in feature of their race!
My son would just his age have been,
And like him too in form and mien,
Had he not been by those forsaken
Hordes from us, an infant, taken.

Conradin.

He would have made more show and state,
Than does our modest soldier mate,
Who sooth's a bugler most industrious.

Countess (pointing to her arm).

My very image call'd was he—
E'en to this birthmark that you see—
But he's a bugler,—unillustrious!

Countess.

Margaretha!

Werner.

Margaretha!
On earth the fairest flower,—
Her name the sweetest song!

Countess (to Margaretha).

O come! Why stay we here so long?

Margaretha.

Pray do not be impatient, dearest!
Well, let us to the church proceed
And from the saint his blessing plead.

Chorus.

O sainted Fridoline,
To thee our voice we raise:
For field, and fruit and flowers,
Send sun and shine and showers,
Be thine the praise!

DRITTE SCENE.

Gräfin, Maria, Schiffsleute. Die Vorigen. Zuletzt der Fridolinsfestzug.

Die Schiffsleute.

Macht Platz, ihr Bauern!

Die Bauern.

Ei, wozu?
Hier hat der Bauer so viel Rechte,
Und mehr noch, als des Freiherrn Knechte.
Wir werden euch zum Trotze bleiben!
Lasst sehn! wer will uns hier vertreiben?

Werner.

Ich! — Weg, ihr Leute! Treibt ihr's so?
Ich will euch bess're Sitten lehren!

Die Bauern.

Wart' nur, junger Spielmann, wart':
Lernen ist nicht Bauernart; —
Wollen die dich kennen lehren!

Werner (zu Maria).

Fürchtet nichts, ich biete Trutz,
Und vertraut euch meinem Schutz!

Maria.

Nehmet Dank! Ein braver Reiter,
Der bedrohte Frauen schützt!

Werner (für sich).

Ha, wie süss der Strahl der Freude
Jetzt aus ihren Augen blitzt!
(laut.)
Dankt mir nicht, mein holdes Fräulein!
That nicht mehr als meine Pflicht; —
Wollt ihr aber mich beglücken,
Unaussprechlich mich entzücken,
Schenkt mir ein Vergissmeinnicht
Aus dem Strausse, der euch schmückt.

Maria.

Wenn das Blümchen euch beglückt —
Von Herzen gern!

Die Bauern.

Seht doch den Herrn!
Wie er mit dem Schlossfräulein
Thut so artig und so fein — —
Will der ein Trompeter sein?

Die Gräfin (zu Conradin).

Es ist empörend – dieses Volk! – Sagt an,
Wer aber ist der junge Mann
Von ritterlichem Wesen,
Der unser Hort gewesen!

Conradin.

Er nennt sich Werner, hohe Dame; —
Kirchhofer war des Mannes Name,
Der einst ihn bei Zigeunern fand
Und später dann nach sich benannt.

Gräfin.

Wie? bei Zigeunern? Offenbar
War er doch nicht von ihrem Stamm! —
Mein Sohn wär' nun wohl auch so alt
Und von so lieblicher Gestalt,
Wär' er von solchen wilden Horden
Als Kind uns nicht gestohlen worden.

Conradin.

Der machte sicher wohl mehr Staat
Als dieser schlichte Kamerad,
Der sonst ein Spielmann ohne Tadel.

Gräfin
(auf ihren Arm deutend).

Es war ja ganz mein Ebenbild—
Bis auf dies Mal am Arm mein Bild— —
Und der ein Spielmann, nicht von Adel!

Gräfin.

Maria!

Werner.

O, Maria!
Im Himmel und auf Erden
Des schönsten Namens Klang!

Gräfin (zu Maria).

O komm! Was weilst du hier so lang?

Maria.

Wollt' nur nicht ungeduldig werden!
Kommt, lasst uns in die Kirche geh'n
Und uns vom Heil'gen Glück erfleh'n!

Chor.

O, heil'ger Fridoline,
Sei uns gebenedeit!
Schenk' unser'n Fluren Segen
Und Sonnenschein und Regen
Zur rechten Zeit.

Conradin.

O sainted Fridoline!
What damage thou hast wrought,
A highborn damsel truly—
And a gay young bugler newly—
It hadn't ought!

Chorus.

O sainted Fridoline!
To thee our woes we bring,
And comfort from thee borrow;
And if in joy or sorrow,
Thy praises sing.

Werner.

O fairest Margaretha!
Thy charms henceforth I'll sing!
By they eyes' sunlight captur'd
I stand before thee raptur'd
By Love and Spring!

(The procession moves towards the church.)

The Founding of Sackingen.

By Victor von Scheffel.

Leave thy vain lamentings, mother;—
Celtic blood drives me to seek my
Labor in far distant country.
In my dreams I've often gazed on
Foreign land and foreign mounlains,
'Mid a stream a bright green island—
Beautiful as our fair Erin—
Thilher points the Master's finger,
Thilher goes thy Fridolin. * *
From the Jura's heighls descended
Fridolin, then wandered onward,
Up the Rhine, rejoicing in the
Youlhful river's rush and clamor.
Evening 'twas, and many a weary
League the pious man had wandered,
When he saw how that the stream in
Two broad channels flowed, divided,
Past a green, inviting island.
(Like a sack it lay upon the
River's surface, and the peasants
Dwelling near, whose similes are
Not at all times deftly chosen,
Gave the isle the name Sacconium.)
Evening 'twas, the larks were singing,
In the stream the fish sprang swiftly,
And the heart of Fridolin was
Made with gladness overflowing.
On his knees he sank in prayer—
For he recognized the island
That in dreams had been revealed him,
And he thanked the Lord above. * *
Scarce a year had passed, the Sabbath
Feast of Palms it was, and from the
Mounlains all around, and valleys,
Came the Allemanian peasants.
And the children, smiling, brought th
Aged man the firstling flowers—
And lhey placed them as a symbol
Of their love before his dwelling.
From his hul emerged the pious
Fridolin, in priestly rainent,
And he led the goodly host of
These converted lo the river's
Bank, and in the rushing waters
Gave lhem baptism in the name of
Falher, Son and Holy Ghost. * *
And that very day he bravely
Laid, in prayer, the good foundation
Of the cloister and the city—
And his work progressed and flourish'd,
Round about, in every valley,
Honor'd was his name and holy.
Once, indeed, when he returned to
Paris, to the court of Clovis,
At his right the monarch placed him,
And in solemn gift he gave him
All the island, and much land as
Bounly for the church and cloister.
Yea, he was a man most holy—
And to-day as patron saint he
Holds the highest place of honor;
On the Rhine, and in the mountains,
To this time the peasant's first born
Boy is christened Fridolini.

Saint Fridoline's Procession.

Warmly shone the sun of March on
Folk and town of Fridolini:
Softly from the Minster sounded
Solem organ tones, as Werner
Rode beneath the ancient gateway.
Hastening, first he sought good stabling
For his steed: then turn'd his footstep
Up towards lhe grey stone cloister,
At whose doors, wilh head uncover'd,
Stood, the while the fair procession
Passed in rank and file before him.

In the dreadful days of warfare,
In lhe days of need, the casket
Holding all the sacred relics
Of Saint Fridoline were guarded
Well in Laufenburg's great fortress;
Often had the townsfolk sorely
Missed their ever-blessing presence,
Then: and now when peace reign'd sweetly
O'er the land, they all endeavor'd
Piously, wilh newer zeal to
Hold lhe Saint in greater honor,—
Opening the long procession,
Came a trooþ of lovely children,
Glad of heart, with faces beaming;
But whene'er they play'd and frolick'd,
Came the grey haired, earnest teacher,
Chiding them for their behavior:
Still! No laughter! little people,
Have good care: such wanlon prattle
Makes our Fridolini angry:

Conradin.

O, heil'ger Fridoline,
Was hast du angericht't!
Ein Fräulein den Trompeter—
Das sieht doch wohl ein Jeder:
Das geht doch nicht!

Chor.

O, heil'ger Fridoline,
Du Schutz der Christenheit,
Gieb Liebe unsern Herzen
Und sei in Lust und Schmerzen
Gebenedeit!

Werner.

Maria, o Maria,
Du wundersame Maid,
Aus deines Auges Sonne
Lacht nun erst mir die Wonne
Der Frühlingszeit.

(Der Zwischen-Vorhang fällt.)

Saint Fridoline's Procession.

By Victor von Scheffel.

He's a Saint most stern and worthy,
And in heaven will all remember.

Twelve fair youths then bore the coffin,
Richly deck'd with gold and silver:
This contained the saintly relics.
Bore it on—all singing softly:
Thou, who dwellst in Heaven above us,
Look in grace upon our city.
Keep it in thy care for ever—
Fridolini! Fridolini!
Give us always thy protection,
From all dangers aye preserve us,
War and pestilence ward from us—
Fridolini! Fridolini!

Follow'd then the worthy dean,
And the chaplains, taper-bearing:
Came the portly burgomaster;
And the wisdom'd city fathers,
And the other dignitaries—
Bailiff and the city steward,
Syndic, notary and proctor,
And the rugged forest-ranger,
(He had come from pure decorum,
For, with churches and processions
And such things he did not stand on
Genial footing, and his prayers
Liked to say best in the forest).
Then in gloomy Spanish mantle,
On which shone the white-cross emblem,
Came the members of the ancient
Order of the Knights Teutonic.
Then the dark-clad, earnest-visaged
Noble ladies from the cloister;
Foremost, near the sky-blue banner
Walked the aged Princess-Abbess,
And she thought: Oh Fridolini,
Art a Saint, most dear and precious,
But one thing thou canst not bring us
Back—the time of youth, the golden.
Sweet it was some fifty years back,
When the cheeks like roses blossom'd,
And by our youthful glowing glances
Many a noble knight held captive.
Long enough have I done penance
In it all: and hope in truth that
All our sins may be forgiven.
Wrinkles now my face have furrow'd,
Sunk the cheeks are; lips are wither'd,
And my teeth have gone for ever.

Following the noble ladies
Came the wives of worthy burghers,
*Matrons closed up this division. * * **
And as meadow flowers blossom
Sweetly 'mid the barren stubble,
After them a host of charming
Maidens, clad in white and festal
Raiment, followed: many a burgher,
Staid and solemn, watch'd them passing
In their beauty, and he murmur'd:
"Ware thee well their witching glances,—
Such fair host is quite as dang'rous
As a mounted Swedish squadron."

In advance was borne Madonna's
Statue; it was clad in heavy
Gold-embroidered, purple raiment,
That in thanks, because the dreadful
War was ended, they had given as
Votive offering, with their prayers.
As the fourth in this division
Walk'd a blonde and slender maiden,
In her hair a bunch of violets;
O'er its gold a snow white veil fell,
Hiding half her lovely features
Like a winter's frost that glistens
On the early springtime rosebud.
Scarcely lifting up her glances
From the ground, she pass'd the portal
Where Young Werner stood;—he saw her;—
Was it p'rhaps the sun's bright gleaming,
Meet his eyes so sorely blended?—
Or the blonde young maiden's beauty?

Many other maids pass'd by him,
But he saw them not—his gaze still
Lingered on the fourth one only:
Gazed and gazed, and when the people
Disappear'd around the corner,
Gazed yet on, as if he still could
See the fourth in the procession.
"That man's got it!" says the proverb
Thereabouts of that condition,
When Love's magic holds one spellbound.
'Tis not man that holds Love captive;
No—'tis Love, that has possession.
Guard thee well, my youthful Werner,
Joy and sorrow hides the proverb:
"That man's got it!"—He's in love!

The Baron and the Bugler.

An Apartment in the Baron von Schoenau's Castle.

FOURTH SCENE.

The Baron.

O lightning! Now another bout,
With this accursed family gout—
Quite en règle he makes the attack,
And soon the foe is on his back:—
He first sends out, in skirmish line,
His tirailleurs with fell design;
Then come the fighting columns strong,
Oh! oh! no man can hold out long.
And now with cannon shot and grape
They knock the fortress out of shape;
They storm the outworks, now the gate,—
Piff, paff—I—capitulate.

Ah! Now's a truce to my distress,
A prisoner I am natheless!
Some people have such notions queer,
And at podagra smile and sneer;
And hint at what I dare to scout,—
That Rhinewine such, is good for gout!
'Tis true I've always had—tut! tut!—
Of every Rhinewine-year a butt
Or two down in the cellar,
That I have tasted morn and night,
To find in each year's new delight,
And most in Muscatella!

Yes, that is now my fav'rite wine,
And e'er will be, O foe malign,
And will so long as life is mine;
And when my ills I can not weather,
Then I shall fold my hands together,
And say, while waits the despot grim:
"Once more a bumper, to the brim,
Of my good Muscatella wine!"
O podagra, o chiragra,
Your pranks were over then, tralla!
And that's a comfort just to know
That when *he* comes we both must go.

(A Servant brings a letter.)

The Baron.

(Opening a letter.)

From my old friend, Count Wildenstein!
Just give his man a glass of wine,
And I will give him answer.
Hm! what is it? (Reads.)
"Dear old friend!
My good spouse is dead and buried,
And that ancient feud I had
With the Countess, thy good cousin,
Who was my first wedded partner,
Ere I die, I'd like to settle!"

(To himself.)

Bravo! Bravo! That is noble!
Know my brave old friend on that!
Ah, he was a comrade worthy!

(Reads further.)

"Hope that she will now forgive me,
Though I from my castle sent her,
When she let our son be kidnapped,
As he in the garden gambol'd."

(Looking out over the paper.)

Women soon forget their sorrows;
Often saw the Countess weeping,
When of Wildenstein I gossip'd.

(Reads further.)

"Out should die no noble race,
Therefore is my plan as follows:
You—have got a winsome daughter,
And I have—an only son,
Both of blood and noble breeding;
And I think it needs no pleading,
That you to my plan be won:
Visit you, I think, we ought to,
And let Damian win your daughter."

Donnerwetter! That's emphatic,
And therewith quite diplomatic—

Der Freiherr und der Trompeter.

Das Zimmer des Freiherrn von Schönau.

VIERTE SCENE.

Der Freiherr.

Da schlage doch das Wetter d'rein,
In das verdammte Zipperlein,
Dass ich mit meinem Hinkefuss
Nun hier im Lehnstuhl sitzen muss.
Es gab wohl eine schöne Zeit,
Da war es anders noch als heut';—
Da jagt' ich durch die weite Welt,
Flink wie der Hirsch durch's Aehrenfeld,
Und manches holde Aeugelein
Das winkte hell wie Sonnenschein
Von ferne schon dem Reitersmann—
Doch heut'—was fang' ich heute an?
Da ward der alte Lehnstuhl mir
Zum unfreiwilligen Quartier.

Es meint wohl mancher lästerlich—
Und das ist doch ganz lächerlich!
Das sollt' vom Wein gekommen sein,—
Der Hinkefuss von solchem Wein!
's war freilich stets mein stilles Glück,
Von jeder Rheinweinsort' ein Stück
Zu seh'n in meinem Keller,
Und zu probiren früh und spät,
Wie es mit jedem Jahrgang steht—
Zumal bei'm Muskateller!

Das ist nun 'mal mein Lieblingswein
Und wird's trotz dir, o Zipperlein,
Bis an mein sel'ges Ende sein—
Bis an mein sel'ges Ende!—
Dann falt' ich still die Hände
Und sag': "Es muss geschieden sein,
Schenkt nochmals Muskateller ein!"
O Podagra, o Chiragra,
Dann ist es auch mit euch tralla!
Das bleibt mein Trost in dieser Welt,
Wenn's noch mit mir so schlecht bestellt!

(Ein Diener bringt einen Brief.)

Der Freiherr
(erbricht den Brief).

Das kommt vom Grafen Wildenstein!—
Lass' mir den Boten selbst herein,
Die Antwort ihm zu sagen.

(Diener ab.)

Hm! was will er? (liest).
"Alter Freund!
Meine Frau is jüngst gestorben,
Und ich will den alten Streit
Mit der Gräfin, deiner Schwäg'rin,
Die mein erst Gemahl gewesen,
Noch vor meinem Ende schlichten!"

(Für sich.)

Bravo! Bravo! das is redlich!
Kenne d'ran den bieder'n Freund
Und den alten Kameraden!

(Liest weiter.)

"Hoffe, dass sie nicht mehr zürnt,
Weil ich damals sie verstossen,
Als sie sich den Sohn liess rauben
Aus dem Schlosspark, wo er spielte."

(Ueber das Blatt hinweg.)

Nein, die Frauen sind versöhnlich;—
Sah schon oft die Arme weinen,
Wenn ich sprach vom Wildensteiner.

(Liest weiter.)

"Ausgeh'n darf kein edler Stamm!
Darum macht' ich mir ein Plänchen!—
Sag', du hast doch eine Tochter,
Und ich habe einen Sohn;—
Beide sind von gutem Adel
Und gewiss d'rum ohne Tadel,
Und ich dachte lange schon,
Wenn ich nun mit Damian käme
Und der deine Tochter nähme?"

Donnerwetter!—kurz, soldatisch
Und dabei doch diplomatisch—

Well, I'm with him!—Hip—hurrah!
Would not such a union bar!

(Springs up suddenly from his chair, forgetting his gout. To the messenger from the Count of Wildenstein, who has again entered):

Ride straight back to the Danube's vale,
Greet my old friend without fault or fail;
And tell him I his letter treasure,
And that his proposal's a pleasure.
And tell him, I'm sorry I could not write,
Because the gout has crippled me quite;
He'd best arrive on the first of May,
My birthday—let him remember:
I want to make it a festal day,
For mine, of May and September:
For all I've got a grand surprise,—
But wisdom in discretion lies.

(The messenger leaves.)

To the Schloss comes a wooer
Of unblemish'd blood;
The fête will, I'm sure,
Be three times as good.

Ye halls, long so dreary,
Soon opened be wide,
To welcome give, cheery,
To bridegroom and bride!

FIFTH SCENE.

Margaretha and the Countess, with the Former.

Margaretha.

Chide me not, my dearest father,
That we left you all so lonely.

Freiherr.

Such a day as this I'd rather
You enjoyed the sunshine; only
Want my pipe, when out you sally;
It helps one his thoughts to rally—
And you pray'd to Fridoline?

Countess.

Truly: and it might have been
That you never more had seen us,
For the Hauensteiner peasant,
Your old foes, had e'en the meanness
There to make things quite unpleasant.

The Baron.

Insolence! The worthless wretches!
Soon they'll know how much rope stretches!
They shall know that frightening ladies
Quite a mighty dangerous trade is!
Had I not this dreadful gout,
I would make the rascals shout.

Ah! some young fresh blood is wanted
Here, to make the old stock strong!
Daughter—do not wait too long—
A protector, here transplanted!

Margaretha.

Father, dear one, we can find one,
Quicker than you now imagine!

The Baron.

Rebels round about and dangers,
And too scant the walls' defenders.
Can not even give a signal,—
If they came and us attack'd,—
To my brave ones in the city,
To my faithful band of troopers;
For my good old castle bugler,
Poor old Rassmann, grand old fellow,
Home has gone to greet his fathers,
And deserted—I am here!

Margaretha (roguishly).

O, a splendid castle bugler,
I know, father, where to find!

Countess.

Mean you him, who in the city,
'Gainst the peasants gave us ward?

Margaretha.

Yes, dear guardian, it is he,
He our castle-bugler be!
He's a player just for you fitted.

Countess.

No, dear cousin, list to me:
To our noble house should he
Never by us be admitted!

The Baron.

Bah! the gift of bugle-blowing
Is not learnt in halls ancestral;
If the man us well can serve,
Needs no 'scutcheon if he's nerve!

Countess.

Nay, dear cousin, list to me,
He would scarcely suited be!

Das gefällt mir! Hei—juchhei!
Ei, da bin ich gleich dabei!
(Springt vor Freude vom Stuhle auf, fasst aber nach seinem Fuss und schreit: "Au! ja so!" da ihn der heftige Schmerz wieder an's Podagra erinnert; dann zum Boten, der inzwischen eingetreten ist.)
So reite zurück in dein Donauthal
Und grüsse den Freund mir viel tausendmal,
Und sag ihm, er möge nur kommen,
Sein Antrag sei angenommen!
Und sag' ihm, ich könnt' es ihm schreiben nicht,
Weil meine Rechte lähmte die Gicht:
Doch mög' er just am ersten Mai,
Zu meinem Geburtstag, erscheinen,
Dass dadurch um so grösser sei
Die Freude für die Meinen,
Die ich dann überraschen will:
D'rum schweig' mir über Alles still!
(Der Bote ab.)

In's Schloss kommt ein Freier
Vom gräflichen Blut,
Da schmeckt mir's zur Feier
Noch einmal so gut!

Ihr einsamen Räume,
Bald kehrt euch zurück
Statt alternder Träume
Nun bräutliches Glück.

FUENFTE SCENE

Maria und die Gräfin zum Vorigen.

Maria.

Zürne nicht, mein Väterchen,
Dass wir dich allein gelassen.

Freiherr.

Nein, ich hab indess mein Pfeifchen
Recht von Herzen dampfen lassen.
Weiss ja schon, euch Frauenzimmer
Sieht man wiederkehren nimmer,
Liess man euch zum Feste gehn.

Gräfin.

Freilich konnt' es leicht gescheh'n,
Dass ihr nimmer uns gesehen;
Denn die Hauensteiner Bauern,
Die mit Euch im Zwiste stehen,
Schienen uns dort aufzulauern.

Freiherr.

Dies Gesindel — diese Bande!
Ha! das ist doch eine Schande!
Nicht die Frauen auf den Gassen
Mehr in Sicherheit zu lassen!
Hätt' ich nicht das Zipperlein,
Haut' ich heut' noch auf sie ein.

Ach, wie fehlt dem alten Stamme
Doch so sehr ein frisches Reis! —
Töchterchen, 's wird hohe Zeit,
Einen Schirmherrn dir zu suchen.

Maria.

Väterchen, der wird sich finden; —
Vielleicht schneller, als wir's ahnen!

Freiherr.

Rings Empörung, droh'n Gefahren
Uns im schwach besetzten Schlosse.
Kann nicht mal ein Zeichen geben,
Wenn man uns hier überfiel,
Den Verbündeten im Städtchen,
Meiner alten Söldnerrotte;
Denn mein treuer Schlosstrompeter,
Der mir oft die Grillen wegblies,
Ging auch jüngst zu seinen Vätern,
Und verlassen sitz' ich hier.

Maria.

Einen prächtigen Trompeter
Wüsst' ich, Väterchen, für dich!

Gräfin.

Meinst doch den nicht, der beim Fest
Vor den Bauern uns beschützt?

Maria.

Ja, Frau Base, er allein
Soll hier Schlosstrompeter sein!
's ist ein Spielmann ohne Tadel.

Gräfin.

Nein, Herr Schwager, folget mir!
Der passt ganz und gar nicht hier
In dies Haus von altem Adel.

Freiherr.

Ei, das Blasen der Signale
Lernt man nicht im Ahnensaale;
Dient uns redlich nur der Mann,
Was geht uns sein Wappen an?

Gräfin.

Nein, Herr Schwager, folget mir:
Der passt ganz und gar nicht hier.

Margaretha.

Father dear, indeed—

Countess.

O, heed!

Margaretha.

He were best, right well I know;
Ah, so handsome is he too,—
He must come; it must be so!

Countess.

No, dear cousin,—no, no, no!
My good sister, with the sainted,
Sad were, if with this acquainted.

The Baron (to the Countess).

Small the thanks, to him you offer,
Who, to save you, bravely stood;
Strange—old Rassman too could proffer
Once to shed for me his blood;
He, a bugler, too—emotion
Deep awakes such rare devotion!
(He lifts the glass.)
Bugler Rassmann, here's to thee!
(Sound of a bugle heard in the distance.)
Ha! who plays there down by the Rhine?
Sounds as if he, though long ago buried,
Play'd as he rode at the head of the serried!

Margaretha.

The handsome young player, I'm sure, it must be!

Countess.

The forward young bugler, I'm sure, it must be!

Margaretha
(looking out of the window).

'Tis he! 'Tis he! I shall now see him daily,
With the plume in his hat nodding graceful and gaily.

I.

How proud and grand his bearing,
He's noble too, I know;
Though but a bugler daring—
And yet I love him so.

II.

And had he castles seven,
He could not comelier be.
And yet I would to heaven,
That just some other were he!

III.

O would that he were a Ritter,
A knight of the Fleece of Gold!
O Love, thou art so bitter—
O Love, how sweet thy hold!

Now up the steps to the garden he springs!

Baron.

So bid he come hither; we'll see what he brings!
(Margaretha has hastened out of the door.)

Countess.

Nay, beware, O noble cousin,
Such a young and handsome man
Take not recklessly in service,—
First of all his merits scan.

Baron.

Truly, truly, worthy aunt,
He must be just what I want;
'Tis not every stray-musician
Fitted is for such position.

Countess.

That he's young, I much deplore.

Baron.

Go, pray trouble me no more.

Countess.

If you're thus all reason past,
P'rhaps you'll have to feel, at last.

Margaretha.

Father, see, he's here! he's here!
Up the stairway springing;
I hear his sabre on the steps
With every footstep ringing.

SIXTH SCENE.

(Werner appears.)

Margaretha (to herself).

Ha, he's there! O rapture dearest!
Ah, by storm my heart he took!
Is it thanks, or love exulting,
That he wakens with his look?

Werner (to himself).

Ha—she there! O wondrous beauty!
Beams on me refulgent light?

Maria.

Väterchen, glaub' mir!

Gräfin.

Glaubt mir!

Maria.

Nur zum Besten rath' ich dir.
Ach, er ist so nett und fein —
Der muss dein Trompeter sein!

Gräfin.

Nein, Herr Schwager, nein, nein, nein!
Meine Schwester, die hochselig,
ärgerte gewiss sich schmählich.

Freiherr (zur Gräfin).

Wenig Dank wisst ihr dem Retter,
Der Euch barg vor Bauernwuth.
Seltsam! einst, im Schlachtenwetter,
Opferte sein treues Blut
Auch ein Spielmann mir — auf's Neue
Denk' ich heute seiner Treue!

(Er erhebt das Glas.)

Spielmannstreue lebe hoch!

(Trompete aus der Ferne.)

Ha! wer bläst dort unten am Rhein?
Das klingt ja, als wollte noch unter dem Rasen
Mein Schlosstrompeter sein Leibstück mir blasen!

Maria.

Das kann nur der hübsche Trompeter sein!

Gräfin.

Das kann nur der kecke Trompeter sein?

Maria
(blickt durch's Fenster).

Er ist's! – er ist's! Ich erkenne ihn wieder!
Schwer nickt ihm die Feder vom Hute nieder.

I.

Wie stolz und stattlich geht er!
Wie adlich ist sein Muth!
Er ist nur ein Trompeter,
Und doch bin ich ihm gut.

II.

Und hätt' er sieben Schlösser,
Er säh' nicht schmucker drein, —
Ach Gott, und doch wär's besser,
Er würd' ein And'rer sein!

III.

Ach wär' er doch ein Ritter,
Ein Ritter vom gold'nen Vliess!
O Lieb, wie bist du bitter,
O Lieb, wie bist du süss!

Vater, jetzt naht er des Schlossparks Stufen!

Freiherr.

To sende hinunter und lass' ihn mir rufen!

(Maria ist zur Thür hinausgeeilt.)

Gräfin.

Aber, aber, mein Herr Schwager,
Solchen fremden jungen Mann
Nehmt nicht gleich in Eure Dienste —
Seht ihn Euch erst näher an.

Freiherr.

Freilich, freilich, Schwägerin,
Müsst' er sein nach meinem Sinn;
Denn zu meinem Schlosstrompeter
Passt in unsrer Zeit nicht Jeder.

Gräfin.

Viel zu jung ist er dazu.

Freiherr.

Ach, das lässt mich wohl in Ruh'.

Gräfin.

Na, wenn Ihr nicht hören wollt,
Ihr vielleicht noch fühlen sollt.

Maria.

Väterchen, er kommt!—er kommt
Schon herauf die Treppen;
Höre auf den Stufen
Seinen Degen schleppen.

SECHSTE SCENE.

(Werner ist inzwischen zu den Vorigen eingetreten.)

Maria (für sich).

Ha, da ist er! Welche Freude!
Ach, wie klopft mein Herz so laut!
Ist es Dank nur, ist es Liebe,
Dass es jubelt, wenn's ihn schaut?

Werner (für sich).

Ha, da ist sie! Welche Schönheit!
Blendet mich der Sonne Licht?

Never saw I such enchantment,
Never countenance so bright!

The Baron (to himself).

Ha, he's here! Now form in squadrons!
He's a handsome youth, forsooth!
Eyes of fire and heart to venture—
Just the proper sort, in truth.

Countess (to herself).

Ha, he's there! What boldness truly!
If I do not intervene,
Sure my cousin will berue it—
Bugler such was never seen.

Werner.

My colonel, you bade me hither;—
I followed quickly your command!

The Baron.

From harm these noble ladies
Right gallantly you saved;
For them your life endangered
And threats of cowards brav'd;—
My thanks!

Werner.

My colonel, thank me not,
I did my duty, as I ought.

The Baron.

Such modesty and bravery
Together we don't often see;
How comes it, bugler, thus to pass?
Well—seat you near me—sweet, a glass!

Margaretha.

And with it drink good fortune!

The Baron.

With this I bid you welcome!

Werner.

You give me hearty welcome,
A stranger to you here;
Through north and south I wandered,
A restless cavalier.
In southland fragrant blossoms,
In northland ice and snow,
But my own heart has ever
Known nought but yearning's woe.
And what I sought, foreboding,
In all the world around;
At last in this fair land I
With my own eyes have found.

The Baron.

I'm mighty glad that our fair Rhine
Doth please you—'tis a land divine;—
But to the point at once let's come,
Altho' at speech I'm lumbersome;
I need a castle-bugler steady;
My last, we bore him to his grave-
Not every one would I be ready
To take, for what I from him crave:
Not only must the alarm be sounded,
When dangers grave are round this way;
In other things must be well grounded,—
For example, and for extra pay:
Make music to my daughter's singing,
Her notes in order nicely stringing.

Werner.

In truth, good sir, I much deplore,
My days of writing long are o'er;
Have only horse and sabre worn,
And never a pen have my fingers borne
Since I as student was sent away.

Baron.

A student, you? The deuce you say!

Werner.

At Heidelberg.

Baron.

Well done!
And knew you well the giant tun?
And is there wine yet in its well?
And then the Princess?—I pray you, tell!

Werner.

The Electress shines like a diamond's gleam;
And the wine flows out in a golden stream.

Baron.

It must be still glorious in Heidelberg sooth!

Werner.

In truth!

Old Heidelberg, thou Fairest,
With fame and honor's crown'd,
'Mid rivals thou the rarest,
The Rhine or Neckar 'round?

The Baron.

Just my idea!—A capital song!
That lingers in the memory long!

Niemals sah von solcher Anmuth
Leuchten ich ein Angesicht!

Freiherr (für sich).

Ha, da ist er! Kreuz Schwadronen,
's ist ein hübscher Bursch' fürwahr!
Gluth im Auge, Muth im Herzen,
Wie's einst meine Sorte war!

Gräfin (für sich).

Ha, da ist er! Welche Kühnheit!
Bis in's Schloss verfolgt er sie!—
Ach! mein Schwager wird's bereuen:
Solchen Spielmann sah ich nie.

Werner.

Herr Oberst, Ihr liesset mich rufen;—
Ich folgte Eurem Befehl!

Freiherr.

Ihr habt diese beiden Damen,
Die von den Bauern bedroht,
Als sie zum Feste kamen,
Recht brav beschützt in der Noth;—
Nehmt Dank!

Werner.

Herr Oberst, dankt mir nicht!
Das war nicht mehr als Mannespflicht.

Freiherr.

Bescheidenheit und Tapferkeit
Sind nicht beisammen jederzeit:
Herr Spielmann, wohl gefällt mir das!
Kommt, setzt Euch zu mir!—Kind, ein Glas.

Maria.

Lasst Euch den Trunk bekommen!

Freiherr.

Ja, seid bei uns willkommen!

Werner.

Ihr heisset mich willkommen—
Ein Fremdling bin ich hier,
Unstät im Süd' und Norden
Durchstreift' ich das Revier.

Im Süden Duft und Blüthen,
Im Norden Eis und Schnee,
Doch überall im Herzen
Der Sehnsucht stilles Weh.

Was ahnungsvoll ich suchte,
Und dennoch nirgends fand,
Sah endlich nun mein Auge
In diesem schönen Land.

Freiherr.

Ich freue mich, dass Euch die Welt
Am Rheine hier bei uns gefällt;—
D'rum kommen wir 'mal gleich zum Ziel,
Denn wisst, ich rede nicht gern viel!—
Ich brauche einen Schlosstrompeter—
Mein alter sank mir jüngst in's Grab;
Doch kann, mein junger Freund, nicht Jeder,
Was ich für ihn zu schaffen hab'.

Wird nicht nur allarmiren müssen,
Wenn diesem Schloss Gefahren drohn,
Muss auch noch manches Andre wissen:
Zum Beispiel, oft für Extralohn
Musik mit meiner Tochter treiben,
Und zierlich für sie Noten schreiben.

Werner.

Fürwahr, Herr, das bedaur' ich sehr:
Allein ich bin kein Schreiber mehr.
Hab' nur noch Ross und Schwert geführt,
Und keine Feder angerührt,
Seit als Student ich relegirt.

Freiherr.

Potz Element! Ihr habt studirt?

Werner.

Zu Heidelberg.

Freiherr.

Ei was?
War auch mal dort beim grossen Fass!
Erzählt mir doch: ist noch viel drin?
Und wie geht's Eurer Frau Kurfürstin?

Werner.

Die Kurfürstin glänzt wie ein Edelstein,
Und goldig fliesst aus dem Fasse der Wein.

Freiherr.

Da muss es noch herrlich zu Heidelberg sein!

Werner.

Gewiss!

Alt Heidelberg, du feine,
Du Stadt, an Ehren reich, —
Am Neckar und am Rheine
Kein' andre kommt dir gleich!

Freiherr.

Das mein' ich auch!—Ein schönes Lied!
Wie Rebengrün lacht's in's Gemüth!

You seem to hold in honor just
Your science like a true musician,
And certainly my daughter must
Much profit by your wise tuition.

Werner.

Nay, noble sir—'tis too much praise!

The Baron.

But yet the bugler with us stays?

Werner.

Margaretha!—I must fate obey!
I must!—I cannot go away!

Countess (aside).

Ha! Tell me what their glances say?
Who now can all the mischief stay?

Margaretha (aside).

'Tis well to Fridoline to pray,
He answers with this joy to-day.

The Baron.

So drink!—Conclude with us to stay,
And now a stirring tune just play.

Werner.

Yea, noble sir, so let it be—
I'll be your castle-bugler free!

The Baron.

Give me your hand, my friend, agree—
Our castle bugler now to be!

Margaretha.

O what delight! Yes, they agree!
Our castle bugler he will be!—

Countess.

Alas! Alas! And they agree;
The castle bugler he's to be!

Baron, Werner and Margaretha.

All hail, thou glorious, highest Art—
With us again to take thy part;—
Here in our castle glorious
Shalt thou now reign victorious.
Thy praises sound shall near and far—
All hail! All hail! Dame Musica!

Countess.

O do not trust the bugler's art:
With women oft it played its part,—
As in the past notorious,
It will be now victorious;
And every wrong, done near and far,
Was wrought through this Dame Musica!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Ihr scheint als echter Musikant
Frau Musica mir hoch zu ehren
Und werdet sicher recht gewandt
Darin auch nun mein Kind belehren.

Werner.

Ach, edler Herr, Ihr ehrt mich sehr—

Freiherr.

Und doch wird Euch das Jawort schwer?

Werner.

Maria! O, welch' süsses Glück!
Ich muss!—Ich kann nicht mehr zurück!

Gräfin (für sich).

Ha! welches Glück in ihrem Blick;—
Umsonst beschwor ich das Geschick!

Maria (für sich).

Weiht' ihm ein schön' Dukatenstück,
D'rum bringt Sanct Fridolin mir Glück!

Freiherr.

Stosst an! entschliesst Euch auf gut Glück;
Schön klang mir Euer Probestück!

Werner.

Wohl, edler Herr, ich geh' d'rauf ein,
Will Euer Schlosstrompeter sein.

Freiherr.

Schlag', junger Spielmann, nun d'rauf ein:
Sollst unser Schlosstrompeter sein.

Maria.

Ach' welches Glück! Er geht d'rauf ein,
Will unser Schlosstrompeter sein!

Gräfin.

O weh, o weh! Er geht d'rauf ein
Und will hier Schlosstrompeter sein!

Freiherr, Werner und Maria.

Heil dir, du holde Spielmannskunst,
Zeig' uns von Neuem deine Gunst;—
Im Schlosse hier, im alten,
Soll nun dein Zauber walten;
Und wieder tön' es fern' und nah':
Heil dir, Heil dir, Frau Musica!

Gräfin.

O trauet nicht der Spielmannskunst,
Stets warb sie um der Frauen Gunst,
Und wie einst bei uns Alten,
Wird sie's auch jetzt noch halten.
An allem Unglück, das geschah,
Trug stets die Schuld Frau Musica!

ENDE DES ERSTEN AKTES.

ACT II.

Young Werner and Margaretha.

In the Garden of the Baronial Castle.

FIRST SCENE.

Werner is seated at the table in the garden-house, composing.

Werner.

Yes, that was right!—Yes, that will do—
And quickly down all be written;
From every note full well I know
How deeply the man is smitten—

I.

On shore I play'd me a merry tune,
The trumpet speeded it gladly,
Straight to the Sebloss, but in the storm
The tones got mixed up badly.

II.

The Water-Nymph in the river's depths
Heard storm and music growling;
She rose above, and fain would learn
The reason of all the howling!

And when she dove to the depths again—

Nay, that sounds horrid, surely,
Must give the chords in another key,
Or else it is discord purely.

III.

And when she dove to the depths again,
She told the fishes with laughter:
O Rhinestream children, you don't dream
The follies that men fly after.—

IV.

One sits up there in the storm and rain,
What think you that he's doing?
He plays for ever the self-same tune,
The tune of his own mad wooing.

Conradin (appears).

How such a trooper musicus,
Even as emeritus,
For mankind must stew and fuss.

Werner.

Bright good morning, Conradin!
Tell me what you'd fain begin.

Conradin

Why, don't you see?—Don't know what's up?—
To ask that the Baron, for our troop,
To its cradle fête, as is custom Rhenish,
With wine our May-day feast shall plenish;
With every kind of sport and fun
Each year the festival is done.

Werner.

Oh, yes! To-day's the first of May
And our good master's natal day.

Conradin.

Methinks that here you're nicely fix'd—
Forgot that you ever with us folks mix'd.

Werner

Could I but know if the Fates were will'd
To see my highest hopes fulfill'd:—

I.

When thee I saw the first glad time,
My thoughts stuck fast in telling;
But all my hopes themselves resolved,
In tuneful accents swelling.

ZWEITER AKT.

Werner und Maria.

Im Garten des freiherrlichen Schlosses.

ERSTE SCENE.

Werner.

So wird es recht!—nur weiter so—
Und rasch auch niedergeschrieben;
Aus jeder Note erkenn' ich froh
Das Lied von meinem Lieben.

I.

Am Ufer blies ich ein lustig Stück,
Wie klang die alte Trompete
Hell in den Sturm, der das Getön
Zum Herrenschloss verwehte!

II.

Die Wasserfrau im tiefen Grund
Hört Sturm und Töne rauschen,
Sie steigt herauf, neugierig will
Die Töne sie erlauschen.

Und als sie wieder hinabgetaucht —
Und als sie wieder hinabgetaucht —

Das will mir noch nicht klingen,
Muss die Accorde gleich einmal
In and're Lage bringen.

III.

Und als sie wieder hinabgetaucht,
Erzählt sie den Fischen mit Lachen:
"O Rheineskinder, man erlebt
Doch sonderbarliche Sachen:

IV.

Sitzt oben einer im Regensturm;
Was glaubt Ihr, dass er treibe?
— Bläst immerzu dasselbe Lied,
Das Lied von seiner Liebe."

Conradin (tritt auf).

Was solch' alter Musikus
Selbst noch als Emeritus
Für die Menschheit leisten muss!

Werner.

Guten Morgen, Conradin!
Sag', mein Freund, wo willst du hin?

Conradin.

Siehst du's denn nicht? — Ich will ins Schloss,
Vom gnäd'gen Herrn für unsern Tross
Beim Wiegenfest nach rhein'schen Sitten
Den Wein zum Maifest zu erbitten,
Das er mit Spielen mancherlei
Uns hier alljährlich feiern lässt.

Werner.

Ach ja, heut' ist der erste Mai
Und uns'res Herrn Geburtstagsfest.

Conradin.

Mir scheint, du bist hier so beglückt,
Dass du der ganzen Welt entrückt.

Werner.

Wüsst ich nur erst gewiss und klar,
Ob meine schönste Hoffnung wahr.

I.

Und als ich zum ersten Mal dich sah,
Verstummten meine Worte,
Es löste all mein Denken sich
In schwellende Accorde.

II.

And here I stand, a bugler poor,—
The moat—I cannot jump it—
I cannot say thee what I will,—
And send my love per trumpet.

Conradin

Nay, strike me lightning as I stand—
They know it well throughout the land:
When fire breaks out it sends up blazes,—
A maiden's fiery glance, I'll own,
A hot commotion often raises.

Werner.

For sure! But we are ne'er alone—
All her gracious aunt opposes—
Everywhere her precious nose is—
And here she comes again...

Conradin.

Let me arrange it.

SECOND SCENE.

(Margaretha and the Countess appear.)

Margaretha.

I've made you wait I'm much afraid;
Forgive me if I kept you long—
And have you brought me what you said:—
Thought out for me a nice new song?

Werner.

Here, Fräulein, 'tis, but not quite ready—
Friend Conradin disturb'd the work.

Margaretha.

Yes, like this it was most truly—
As here in black and white writ duly:

On shore I played me a merry tune,
The trumpet speeded it gladly
Straight to the Schloss, but in the storm
The tones got mixed up badly.

Countess.

Hand here and let me too peruse it.

Conradin
(trying to get the Countess away).

Dear Countess—but for my sake do—
The Baron sure will give through you
The wine for the fête—I pray, be gracious!

Countess.

Do it yourself! 'Tis too audacious—
I have no time—till here I'm through.

Conradin.

Well, if it must be—Donnerwetter
(Goes to the castle.)

Countess.

Nothing p'r'aps could suit them better—
From the scene thus quick to get her!
Know the proverb, What the mousies
Do whene'er the cat from house is;
They dance and they gambol
They sing as they ramble,
And woo and stray
And coo and play
At kissing!

Werner and Margaretha.

Nothing p'r'aps could suit us better—
From the scene away to get her!
Know the proverb, What the mousies
Do whene'er the cat from house is;
They dance and they gambol,
They sing as they ramble,
And woo and stray,
And coo and play
At kissing!

Countess.

But, my good musician,
It were better, in tuition,
That the teacher should a bit
Further from his pupil sit.

Werner.

Countess, 'tis the best position;
Else where is your harmony?

Conradin
(returning from the castle).

Heaven be prais'd! O victory! (loud):
Dear Countess, the Baron wants a dragon
To watch us well
When we our flagon
Shall fill in the cellar
With Muscatella;
Therefore he asks
You with us go—
For 'tis his favorite wine, you know.—

Countess.

With you go—
Oh, this too cruel blow!

II.

D'rum steh ich arm Trompeterlein
Musicirend auf dem Rasen,
Kann dir nicht sagen, was ich will,
Kann meine Lieb' nur blasen!

Conradin.

Da schlage doch das Wetter d'rein,
Es leuchtet doch wohl Jedem ein:
Wenns Feuer brennt, dann schlägt es Flammen.
Bist mit dem schönen Schlossfräulein
Doch nun schon manchen Tag zusammen.

Werner.

Gewiss! doch nie sind wir allein;
Denn ihre gnädigste Frau Base
Steckt hier in Alles ihre Nase.
Dort kommt sie schon wieder....

Conradin.

Lass mich nur machen!

ZWEITE SCENE.

Marie und die Gräfin zu den Vorigen.

Maria.

Ihr habt gewiss schon mein geharrt; —
Verzeiht, dass es so lange ward!
Habt Ihr mir auch, wie Ihr's versprach't,
Ein hübsches neues Lied erdacht?

Werner.

Hier, Fräulein, ist's, doch nicht ganz fertig; —
Freund Conradin hat mich gestört.

Maria.

Gerade so ist es gewesen,
Wie hier im ersten Vers zu lesen:

Am Ufer blies ich ein lustiges Stück,
Wie klang die alte Trompete
Hell in den Sturm, der das Getön
Zum Herrensebloss verwehte.

Gräfin.

Zeig' her und lass mich auch mal lesen!

Conradin.

Frau Gräfin, thut es mir zu Lieb
Und bittet unsern Herrn von mir,
Den Wein zum Fest uns zu gewähren.

Gräfin.

Den kann Er selbst von ihm begehren!
Hab' keine Zeit — ich bleibe hier!

Conradin.

Nun, wenn es sein muss — meinetwegen!
(Ab ins Schloss.)

Gräfin.

Wohl wär' ihnen das gelegen,
Wich ich plötzlich hier vom Platze;
Doch was thaten einst die Mäuse,
Als spazieren ging die Katze?
Sie tanzten und sprangen,
Juchhei'ten und sangen,
Und liebten sich,
Und übten sich
Im Küssen.

Werner und Maria.

Ach, wie käm' es uns gelegen,
Wich die Alte jetzt vom Platze;
Doch sie denkt wohl an die Mäuse,
Als spazieren ging die Katze:
Sie tanzten und sprangen,
Juchhei'ten und sangen,
Und liebten sich,
Und übten sich
Im Küssen.

Gräfin.

Doch, Herr Schlosstrompeter,
Muss beim Unterricht denn jeder
Lehrer gar so dicht und nah
Sitzen bei der Schül'rin da?

Werner.

Ja, Frau Gräfin, das muss Jeder;
Sonst giebt's keine Harmonie.

Conradin

Kommt wieder aus dem Schloss zurück, bei Seite

Gott sei Dank, jetzt hab' ich sie!
(laut:)
Frau Gräfin, der Herr lässt euch bitten,
Dabei zu sein,
Wenn wir die Bütten
Uns füllen im Keller
Mit Muskateller,
Denn nicht allein
Lässt er uns ein:
Ihr wisst, es ist sein Lieblingswein!

Gräfin (in Verlegenheit).

Ich — ich — ich?
Das ist doch ärgerlich!

Countess.

Nothing p'r'aps could suit them better,
etc.

Conradin, Werner and Margaretha.

Nothing, sure, could suit us better, etc.

(Conradin and the Countess leave.)

THIRD SCENE.

Werner and Margaretha.

Let Heaven be prais'd! We are alone—
At last alone, to dream and story;
Here 'neath the spready chestnuts' glory,
At last we are alone—alone!—

Werner.

Sun, has thy light not grown in splendor?
Heav'n, is thy vault not deeper blue?
Dost joy supreme to me surrender,
Blest world of Springtime, born anew!
O gladsome life, in blossom'd story!
O joys of May, in sunlit glory!
The music of a thousand voices,
From every flower and every tree,—
Tells not how deep my heart rejoices,
What glorious wealth I find in thee!

Margaretha.

Heaven be prais'd, O Werner, lov'd one—
Parted all too long were we:
Yet no minute passed, believe me,
That my thoughts were not with thee!
When I saw thee at the fête,
Found my heart at once its mate!
Didst thou in my eyes discover
How the lov'd one sought the lover?
Never rapture came like mine,
Life and love and bliss divine!

Werner.

I.

When first I saw thee passing by,
'Twas March the sixth, I mind me:
A bolt flash'd from the cloudless sky,
With might enough to blind me!

II.

My heart it struck and scorch'd to rust,
And left no particle over:
But ivy-like grew from the dust
The name of one and—I love her!

Margaretha.

Mean you mine, O Werner? Tell me!

Werner.

Yes, the name was thine, O Margaretha!

Countess
(at the cellar door).

Margaretha!

Margaretha.

Aunty!

Countess.

Music stop'd! Say what the cause is?

Margaretha.

We've just come to all the rest-notes,—
Many long and splendid pauses.

Countess.

Yes, I hear them—kind o' jest-notes,—
Wait, I can't allow all this—

(She goes down to the cellar again.)

Werner and Margaretha.

Ah! Too brief, alas, our bliss!

(A deputation of Hauenstein peasants crosses the stage, gesticulating violently. They enter the castle).

Margaretha.

Lo—gone the clouds of angry weather!
Murmurs now the morning breeze:
Whispering that we twain, together,
May a while be at our ease.
Nothing more have we to fear us,
If we play and let her hear us.

Werner.

Margaretha! We must mind us!
Some good plan of action find us:
Let us not delay the singing,
Now our thoughts on music winging;
So the aunt will ne'er discover
What Love whispers to the lover.

Margaretha.

Sweet thy songs, and woven in them
All my thoughts and all my stress,
Let me sink myself within them,
And with them my love confess.

Every word's deep, hallow'd glory
Streams on me as from above,
Sweetly sounds the blissful story
In thy songs to me, O Love!

Gräfin.

(wie oben.)

Das kommt ihnen wohl gelegen, — etc.

Conradin, Werner und Maria.

Ei, das kam uns recht gelegen — etc

(Conradin und die Gräfin ab.)

DRITTE SCENE.

Werner und Maria.

Gott sei gedankt, wir sind allein,
Zum erstenmal mit unsern Träumen,
Hier, unter diesen grünen Bäumen,
Zum erstenmal allein — allein! —

Scheinst du nicht heisser, Gottessonne?
Lachst du nicht blauer, Himmelszelt?
Ach! warst du jemals so voll Wonne,
Du blüthenweisse Frühlingswelt? —
Der Blumen Geist und neues Leben,
Des Maien Duft, des Lenzes Weben,
Was dort so süss die Bienen saugen
Aus blühendem Kastanienzweig,
Lacht mir aus deinen holden Augen
Und macht mich unermesslich reich.

Maria

Gott sei Dank, Herr Werner — lange
Waren beide wir bewacht,
Doch zu jeder Stunde hab' ich
Treulich nur an Euch gedacht; —
Seit ich Euch beim Feste fand,
War mein Herz Euch zugewandt.
Könnt's wohl in den Augen lesen,
Was Ihr mir seitdem gewesen:
Leben, Liebe, Glück und Traum —
Ach, die Wonne fass' ich kaum!

Werner.

I.

Als ich zum erstenmal dich sah,
Es war am sechsten März,
Da fuhr ein Blitz aus blauer Luft
Versengend in mein Herz.

II.

Hat All' verbrannt, was drinnen stand,
Es ist mir nichts geblieben,
Doch epheugleich wächst aus dem Schutt
Der Name meiner Lieben.

Maria.

Meinst du meinen Namen, Werner?

Werner

Deinen Namen süss, Maria! o Maria!

Gräfin (in der Kellerthür).

Maria!

Maria.

Bäschen!

Gräfin.

Hör' euch gar nicht musiciren!

Maria.

Bin gerade beim Pausiren —
Lauter lange, schöne Pausen.

Gräfin.

Ja, das hör' ich, Kind, mit Grausen; —
Wart', ich komme gleich zurück!

Werner und Maria.

Ach, das wär' ein kurzes Glück!

Maria.

Seht, vorüber zog das Wetter,
Und es rauscht der Morgenwind
Wie zur Mahnung durch die Blätter,
Dass allein wir wieder sind.
Nun soll sie uns nicht mehr stören,
Wollen uns nur angehören.

Werner.

Fräulein, Fräulein! welch Beginnen!
Nein, da gilt's auf List zu sinnen:
Lasst die Laute weiterklingen,
Was wir plaudern, lasst uns singen;
Dann wird Bäschen nimmer spüren,
Wie so süss wir musiciren.

Maria.

All mein Lieben, all mein Denken
Weht durch deine Lieder nur!
Darf ich mich in die versenken,
Folg' ich eig'ner Liebe Spur;
Denn es strahlt wie Morgenröthe
Jedes liebe Wort mich an,
Süss, wie eine Hirtenflöte,
Klingt dein Lied mir, trauter Mann!

Werner.

Can it be, O Margaretha?
Lovest me, because of song?

Margaretha.

I love thee, aye, and need not borrow
Aid from song or music's art.
I love thee, aye, in joy and sorrow,
I love thee, love, with all my heart!

Werner.

O what bliss dost thou impart!

Both.

For each other living wholly,
That is happiness divine:
With each other finding solely
Love's supremest rapture holy—
Thine, belovèd—ever thine!

FOURTH SCENE.

(The Countess and Conradin appear, coming from the cellar.)

Countess.

To help! To help! What must I see?

Conradin.

What monstrous horror can it be?

Countess.

There, my niece—the daring bugler!

Conradin.

Aye, object to—mighty few girls
Kisses kissed by a man that bugles!

Countess.

She has in his net been caught,
And has surely quite forgot
That her 'scutcheon's free from blot:
And honors high await her.

Margaretha.

Dearest Aunty:

Countess.

Margaretha:
O yes, put a smiling face on—

Margaretha.

Dearest aunt, 'twas in the lesson!

Werner and Conradin.

Truly, it was in the lesson!

FIFTH SCENE.

(The Former. The Baron. Hauenstein Peasants.)

Countess.

Oh yes, 'twas quite too pastoral,
I'll keep no longer silence,
Just wait a while, my cousin shall
Kick out such base beguilance

Margaretha.

But not just now—my dearest aunty—
Do not spoil the birthday fête.

Werner and Conradin.

But not just now—O graciousCountess—
Do not spoil the birthday fête.

The Baron
(to the peasants).

Wait a while, my son-in-law
Soon shall show you who's the master!

The Peasants.

Not a tax can you e'er claw
On the Rhine—and therewith basta!

The Baron.

Grape and bullet's what you lack, sirs,—
Medicine the very best.

The Peasants.

There'll be work for pike and axes,
On your crazy robber's nest!

The Baron.

Off, ye sowherds.

The Peasants.

Curse you, cowards!
Make your doors a little faster,
For the servants with their master
Soon into our hands shall fall!
Then death to all!

The Baron.

If you in their hands shall fall—
Then death to all!

Countess
(to the Baron).

First attend to your relations—
Bad is riot, worse is stealth!
Youthful folk must well be warded,
I have told you oft before!

Werner.

Wär' es möglich, o Maria?
Liebtest mich in meiner Kunst?

Maria.

Ich liebe dich von ganzem Herzen,
Nicht, wie du glaubst, nur deine Kunst,—
Ich liebe dich in Lust und Schmerzen,
Aus tiefster Seele lieb' ich dich!

Werner.

Welch' Glück, Maria, welche Gunst!

Beide.

So mit ganzer Seele lieben,
Das ist Seligkeit allein; —
Das allein ist Glück, ist Leben,
Spricht das Herz mit Wonnebeben:
Dein Geliebter (Geliebte), ewig dein!

VIERTE SCENE.

Die Gräfin mit Conradin aus der Kellerthür.

Gräfin.

Zu Hilfe! Zu Hilfe! Was muss ich sehn?

Conradin.

Ja, Ungeheures ist geschehn!

Gräfin.

Meine Nichte — ein Trompeter.

Conradin.

Gnädigste glaubt mir: nicht Jeder
Küsst so süss wie ein Trompeter.

Gräfin.

Ich erlag nur Seiner List! —
Und die Nichte, die vergisst,
Dass sie Edelfräulein ist,
Soll es schwer mir büssen.

Maria.

Liebes Bäschen!

Gräfin.

Lass dein Näschen
Künftig mir von solchen Dingen.

Maria.

Es gehörte ja zum Singen!

Werner und Conradin.

Freilich, das gehört zum Singen!

FUENFTE SCENE.

Die Vorigen. Der Freiherr. Bauern.

Gräfin.

Das wird mir denn doch zu toll,
Und ich werde nichts verschweigen; —
Wartet nur, mein Schwager soll
Euch die Lehrmethode zeigen!

Maria.

Nur nicht jetzt gleich, liebes Bäschen!
Nehmet Rücksicht auf sein Fest!

Werner und Conradin.

Nur nicht jetzt gleich, gnäd'ge Gräfin!
Nehmt doch Rücksicht auf sein Fest!

gleichzeitig.

Freiherr.

Wartet nur, mein Eidam soll
Euch die Herrenrechte zeigen!

Die Bauern.

Nicht die Steuer, nicht der Zoll
Auf dem Rhein ist Euer eigen!

Freiherr.

Mit Karthaunen werd' ich füttern
Den, der mir mein Recht nicht lässt.

Die Bauern.

Dann soll uns're Axt zersplittern
Dieses stolze Herrennest,

Der Freiherr.

Fort, ihr Bauern!

Die Bauern.

Prüft die Mauern,
Eure Thore lasst vergittern.
Wie den Knechten, geht's den Rittern:
Fallen sie in unsre Hände,
Ist's ihr Ende!

Der Freiherr.

Fallt ihr ihnen in die Hände,
Ist's eu'r Ende!

Gräfin.

Ach, was musste hier passiren, —
Schwager, ich war nicht dran schuld!
Junges Volk will stets bewacht sein,
Hab' Euch oft genug gewarnt.

The Others.

Noble Sir— } congratulations!
Father, mine— }
Wishing you long life and health!
Be your ways by Heaven guarded
Be no ills for you in store.

The Baron.

Thanks, dear people, for this pleasure!
Your good wishes I shall treasure—
But this rattle
And this prattle—
Quite enough we've had, I'm sure
And much more I can't endure!

Countess.

Cousin! Oh, I'm quite upset!
What I saw I'll ne'er forget—
Quite enough my nerves to shatter!

The Baron.

Pray, then, tell me what's the matter.

Countess.

Yon audacious trumpetist
Hath your noble daughter kiss'd!

The Baron.

The musician!
Then perdition.
If such fever's
Got in his brain,
He must leave us,
That is plain—
Or first let him cool
Off in yonder pool!

Werner.

My Colonel—Do I this deserve?

Margaretha.

This, father, he does not deserve!

Couradin.

Now, truly, he will want his nerve.

The Baron.

Think you? Well—I'll speak right out,
I don't mumble round about.
Sorry he must be rejected—
Have a son-in-law in view
From our own high rank selected
And to-day he's here expected.
And, dear cousin, furthermore,
I've a treat for you in store.
(To Werner, sharply.)
Let each keep to his class away—
Who bugler is must bugler stay!

SIXTH SCENE.

QUINTETTE.

Margaretha.

Must so soon the sunshine vanish?
Shall another wooer be mine?
Would they from me Werner banish?
Has my father such design?
Never, never
Can they sever
Hearts that know this love divine!
No and no! For love unending
Must such love as ours be;
And tho' great be my offending,
Werner, I will think of thee!

Werner.

Must so soon the sunshine vanish?
Shall another wooer be thine?
Would they from thy side me banish,—
—Then were woe unspoken mine!
Never, never
Can they sever
Hearts so filled with love divine.
No and no! For love unending
Must such love as ours be,
Great as is his wrath unbending—
Margaretha, think of me.

Conradin.

Must so soon their sunshine vanish?
Shall for her another pine?
O, young friend, whom they now banish—
E'er to-night what fate is thine?
Never, never
Can they sever
Hearts bound fast by troth divine.
Great as seems thy sweet offending,
Hopeless let thy life not be;
For such love is, aye, unending—
Thine will be the victory.

Countess.

None too soon the clouds have vanish'd,
She will none too long repine;
That is right—he must be banish'd—
I well knew his base design.
Time, if ever,
'Twas to sever
Hearts that showed love's every sign!
Cousin, great was his offending,—
Did I not the woe foresee?
Him about his bus'ness sending,—
Rids us of his treachery.

Die Anderen.

Edler Herr, / Väterchen, } wir gratuliren
Und erbitten Eure / Deine } Huld!
Mögt / Magst } mit Segen reich bedacht sein,
Nie vom Missgeschick umgarnt.

Freiherr.

Dank Euch! Dank für so viel Segen; —
Freud und Glückwunsch allerwegen —
Doch des Schnatterns
Und Salbaterns
Ist es wahrlich nun genug —
Werde selbst ja nicht d'raus klug!

Gräfin.

Schwager, ach! ein Nervenschlag
Trifft mich noch an diesem Tag —
Schreckliches hab' ich gesehen!

Freiherr.

Nun, was ist denn geschehen?

Gräfin.

Der dort so verwegen ist,
Dass er Eure Tochter küsst!

Freiherr.

Der Trompeter?
Donnerwetter!
Hat wohl Fieber
In seinem Kopf?
Schütt' er sich drüber
'nen Wassertopf; —
Sicherlich dann fühlt
Er sich abgekühlt!

Werner.

Herr Oberst, Spott verdien' ich nicht.

Maria.

Nein, Vater, Spott verdient er nicht.

Conradin.

Nein, wahrlich, Spott verdient er nicht.

Freiherr.

Meint ihr? Nun, so sag' ich's schlicht,—
Offenheit ist meine Pflicht:
Seid zu spät dazu gekommen
Hab' mir einen Schwiegersohn
Schon aus meinem Stand genommen,
Und der wird noch heute kommen!
Auch für Euch, Frau Schwägerin,
Hab' ich eine Freud' im Sinn.
Bleibe Jeder bei seiner Art,
Trompeter, wer Trompeter ward!

SECHSTE SCENE.

QUINTETT.

Maria.

Wie? was hör' ich? Einem Andern
Wär' ich, Vater, zugedacht?
Werner sollte fernhin wandern,
Wo mein Aug' ihm nicht mehr lacht,
Nimmer, nimmer,
Ihn der Schimmer
Treuer Liebe glücklich macht! —
Nein, o nein, so heisse Liebe
Muss auch ew'ge Liebe sein;
Ach, das Scheiden ist so trübe, —
Werner, nie vergess' ich dein!

Werner.

Wie? was hör' ich? Einem Andern
Wär' Maria zugedacht?
Ruh'los sollt' ich wieder wandern?
Schönes Leben, gute Nacht!
Nimmer, nimmer
Mir der Schimmer
Holden Glückes hier mehr lacht! —
Glaubte, dass so heisse Liebe
Müsst' auch ew'ge Liebe sein;
Ach, das Scheiden ist so trübe,
Trüber das Vergessensein.

Conradin.

Wie? was hör' ich? Einem Andern
Wär' Maria zugedacht?
Junger Freund, musst du auch wandern
Aus dem Schlosse noch vor Nacht,
Zweifle nimmer,
Dass der Schimmer
Holden Glücks dir wieder lacht.
Bricht der Trennung Weh' auch trübe
In dein Leben jetzt herein,
Glaub' mir, treue Landsknechtsliebe
Wird noch ihre Rettung sein.

Gräfin.

Ha! was hör' ich? Welchem Andern
Wär' Maria zugedacht?
Das ist recht! — fort muss er wandern,
Der solch' Leid in's Schloss gebracht
Sagt' es immer, —
Doch viel schlimmer
Ward es noch, als ich gedacht! —
Schwager, seht Ihr, dass die Liebe
Leid gebracht in's Schloss herein; —
Doch mein Leben, das so trübe,
Wodurch wollt Ihr es erfreu'n?

Baron.

No, the sunshine has not vanish'd—
He shall be no son of mine;
Let his steed be saddled: banish'd
He must be for his design.
Vain is ever
The endeavor
Up in other ranks to shine!
Yet, though great is his offending,
Sad is such a harsh decree;
Why did not the fates befriend him?
He a Wildenstein should be.

FINALE.

A servant enters hastily and speaks with the Baron.)

The Baron.

Ha! Arriv'd? Bid them come!

The Countess.

Who come?

The Baron.

The Count of Wildenstein!—
Comes with his son, young Damian.
For son-in-law he's just the man!

SEVENTH SCENE.

(Count Wildenstein and Damian have entered.)

The Baron.

Be welcome! Aye, thrice welcome be!

The Countess.

O heaven, Count Wildenstein I see!
Has he forgot his conduct base?
And now dares meet me face to face?

Margaretha.

My bridegroom—with the baby face?
Here, I am sure, he's out of place!

Werner.

The hot blood rushes to my face—
Retreat before so poor a case.

Conradin.

O see the youngster's putty face—
He's surely here much out of place!

Count of Wildenstein.

Courage, Damian, don't get frighten'd,
Hold your head up: in you go:
There she stands, the noble Fräulein,
Red as blood and white as snow.

Damian.

Yes, dear father.

The Baron (to Damian).

Don't get frighten'd, my good younker,
Early wooed, the sooner won;
Soon I'll lead you to my daughter,
And to-day you'll both be one.

Damian.

Yes, my colonel!

Count of Wildenstein
(to the Countess).

Every feud at last is settled—
Every sorrow 's sooth'd at last,
Let us be at odds no longer,
For the end is nearing fast;
Joined again, our lives made stronger,
Let us bury what is passed!

The Countess.

Think you at your words depart
Life-long sorrows from my heart.

The Baron.

No more weeping,
Let the sleeping
Past be blotten
Out, forgotten!

The Countess (aside).

If but my son with him here he had brought,
I would not refuse him aught.
As it is——

Damian.

Did I do that just as I ought!
I gave the wreath with grace, methought?

Count of Wildenstein.

Yes, my son!

Damian.

But still she never on me look'd!

Count of Wildenstein.

Don't matter, son, she's safely book'd!

Damian and Count Wildenstein.

O I (thou) most fortunate Damian!

The Baron.

Pray heed: Announc'd be far and wide
What happiness is mine:
Margaretha of Schoenau is the bride
Of Damian of Wildenstein!

Freiherr.

Ja, ihr hört es, einem Andern
Ist Maria zugedacht.
Sattelt ihm sein Ross, denn wandern
Muss der Spielmann noch vor Nacht;
Glaubte nimmer,
Dass der Schimmer
Neuen Glücks so tollkühn macht,
Dass der Strahl der ersten Liebe
Bräch so schnell in's Herz herein.
Schad'! es stimmt mich selber trübe;—
Wär' doch er der Wildenstein!

FINALE.

Der Freiherr.

Ha, da sind sie!

Freiherr.

Lasst sie ein!

Gräfin.

Wer kommt?

Freiherr.

Der Graf von Wildenstein
Mit seinem Sohne Damian; —
Zum Eidam nahm ich den mir an!

SIEBENTE SCENE.

Graf von Wildenstein ist inzwischen mit Damian zu den Vorigen aufgetreten.

Freiherr.

Willkommen! seit willkommen mir!

Gräfin.

Bei Gott der Wildensteiner hier! —
Ein And'rer wagt' es sicher nicht,
Zu treten vor mein Angesicht.

Maria.

Mein Bräutigam — solch Milchgesicht?
Nein, Väterchen, den nehm' ich nicht.

Werner.

Es steigt das Blut mir ins Gesicht,
Zu weichen solchem kleinen Wicht!

Conradin.

Ei, seht mir doch solch Milchgesicht:
Das scheint mir auch der Rechte nicht!

Graf von Wildenstein.

Nur Courage, nur nicht ängstlich,
Und den Kopf hübsch in die Höh; —
Sieh dort steht das Edelfräulein,
Roth wie Blut und weiss wie Schnee.

Damian.

Ja, Herr Vater.

Freiherr.

Nur nicht ängstlich, mein Herr Junker,
Jung gefreit hat nie gereut;
Führ Euch gleich zu meiner Tochter,
Werdet ja ein Paar noch heut'.

Damian.

Ja, Herr Oberst.

Graf von Wildenstein (zur Gräfin).

Jeder Hader hat sein Ende,
Jeden Kummer heilt die Zeit;
Wollen uns nicht länger grämen —
Einsam stehen wir nun Beid'; —
Lasst uns nicht ins Grab mit nehmen
Was wohl Beide längst bereut.

Gräfin.

Glaubt Ihr, Ihr scheucht mit einem Wort
Den lebenslangen Kummer fort?

Freiherr.

Keine Scenen,
Keine Thränen:
's ist ja indessen
Alles vergessen; —
Frisch und froh!

Gräfin (für sich).

Wär's mein Sohn, den er mit sich gebracht
Hätt' er Alles gut gemacht:
Aber so — —

Damian.

Hab' ich's, Herr Vater, auch gut gemacht,
Als ich ihr den Strauss gebracht?

Graf von Wildenstein.

Ja, mein Sohn.

Damian.

Sie sieht mich aber gar nicht an.

Graf von Wildenstein.

Thut nichts, mein Sohn, du wirst ihr Mann.

Damian und Graf Wildenstein.

O ich (du) glückseliger Damian!

Freiherr.

Hört an! verkünden will ich's laut
In alle Welt hinein:
Maria von Schönau ist die Braut
Des Junkers von Wildenstein!

Margaretha.

My father!—He, mine?
I must decline!
Such son-in-law shall ne'er be thine!

Werner.

A base design!
She will decline,
I know her heart is safely mine!

Countess.

A base design,
She must decline!
The son of the hated one ne'er be thine!

Conradin.

A base design—
She will decline—
A beardless youth is not in her line!

Damian.

Margaretha mine!
O joy divine—
And won't my father think us fine!

Wildenstein.

Oh, that's too fine—
A Wildenstein
Could win in spite of buglers nine!

The Baron (to Werner).

No pleading moves; no prayer avails thee;
Thy home, O bugler, thou must seek elsewhere!

Margaretha.

No, no! I cannot let thee leave me!

Countess.

Dearest child, 'twere best, believe me!

Werner.

Dearest one, O do not grieve thee!

Young Werner's Farewell.

I.

O it is sad that in this life below
With roses e'er the cruel thorns we find;
And though the loving heart may dream and trow,
The parting comes too soon to souls entwin'd.
Deep in thine eyes I've gazed so oft and read,
Of glowing love and happiness and glee;
God guard thee, Love, too quick the days have sped:—
God guard thee, Love, it should not, should not be!

II.

Pain, envy, hate, all these—I've felt their sting,
A weary wand'rer, toss'd by flood and tide;
I dreamt of peace and days of constant spring,
And fate did lead me gladly to thy side:
And in thy presence I had lov'd to tread,
In gratitude my life's love give to thee;
God guard thee, Love, too quick the days have sped:—
God guard thee, Love, it should not, should not be!

III.

The storm-clouds speed, the wind sighs through the leaves,
A shiv'ring rain falls down o'er wood and field;
Fit mood it is for one who parts and grieves,—
Dark as the skies, the future unreveal'd—
Be fame my lot, or if too ill I'm wed,
E'er, loving heart, in truth, I'll think of thee;
God guard thee, Love, too quick the days have sped:—
God guard thee, Love, it should not, should not be!

Chorus.

Scarcely met, yet doom'd to part:
Bitter 'tis, O sorrowing heart!

Conradin

Courage, friend! The morning bright
Follows e'er the gloom of night.

Chorus.

Sorrow-laden, youthful pair,
Ah! too soon comes your despair!
Hour of parting, all so grievious—
Those who love us best must leave us!

Margaretha.

Tender dreams of Maytime golden—
Gone, with him—for evermore!

Maria.

Mein Vater, halt ein,
Das kann nicht sein;
Nur wen ich liebe, werd' ich frei'n.

Werner.

O haltet ein,
Es kann nicht sein,
Ihr stört den seligsten Verein!

Gräfin.

O nein, o nein,
Das darf nie sein,
Den Sohn der Verhassten soll sie nicht frei'n

Conradin.

O nein, o nein,
Das darf nicht sein:
Der Milchbart soll nicht Herr hier sein!

Damian.

Maria mein?
Mein ganz allein?
Wie wird sich da mein Vater freu'n!

Wildenstein.

Was soll das sein?
Ein Wildenstein
Weicht nicht vor dem Trompeterlein!

Freiherr.

Es löst kein Fleh'n, kein Bitten mein Versprechen:
Dein Heim, o Spielmann, ist dies Schloss nicht mehr!

Maria.

Nein, ich kann dich nimmer lassen!

Gräfin.

Armes Kind, du musst dich fassen!

Werner.

Süsses Kind, du musst dich fassen!

I.

Das ist im Leben hässlich eingerichtet,
Dass bei den Rosen gleich die Dornen steh'n,
Und was das arme Herz auch sehnt und dichtet,
Zum Schlusse kommt das Voneinandergeh'n.
In deinen Augen hab' ich einst gelesen,
Es blitzte drin von Lieb' und Glück ein Schein:
Behüt' dich Gott, es wär' zu schön gewesen,
Behüt' dich Gott, es hat nicht sollen sein!

II.

Leid, Neid und Hass, nun hab' ich sie empfunden,
Ein sturmgeprüfter, müder Wandersmann,
Ich träumt' von Frieden dann und sel'gen Stunden,
Da führte mich der Weg zu dir hinan.
In deinen Armen wollt' ich ganz genesen,
Zum Danke dir mein junges Leben weih'n—
Behüt' dich Gott, es wär' zu schön gewesen,
Behüt' dich Gott, es hat nicht sollen sein!

III.

Die Wolken flieh'n, der Wind saust durch die Blätter,
Ein Regenschauer zieht durch Wald und Feld.
Zum Abschiednehmen just das rechte Wetter,
Grau, wie der Himmel, steht vor mir die Welt.
Doch wend' es sich zum Guten oder Bösen,
Du schlanke Maid, in Treuen denk' ich dein!
Behüt' dich Gott, es wär' zu schön gewesen,
Behüt' dich Gott, es hat nicht sollen sein!

Chor.

Kaum gefunden — schon getrennt!
Weine, wer solch Leiden kennt!

Conradin (zu Werner).

Fasse Muth! die Zeit bringt Rath:
Komm und sei bereit zur That.

Chor.

Armes, armes junges Paar,
Ach, wie kurz dein Glück nun war!
Trübe Augen, Abschiednehmen,
Scheidestunde bringst nur Grämen!

Maria.

Schöner Traum, vom Mai geboren,
Bist mit ihm verweht — verloren!

ACT III.

Solution and End.

Garden-like Court-Yard within the Walls of the Baron's Castle.

FIRST SCENE.

Margaretha.

I.

My love rode out to the wide, wide world,
Without farewell to me saying,
O fair young Singer, O heart's delight!
O Sun that once made my life so bright,
For thee I am ever praying.

II.

I scarcely had time in his eyes to look,
So soon was the sweet dream ended;
O Love, what maketh thy flame all so sweet?
O Love, why makest the heart so to beat?—
If it break—it cannot be mended.

III.

Where rides he now? The world is so wide,
Of deceptions so full and of strangers;
Ah me—hath he not to Italy hied,
Where women are fair, and false beside,—
God guard him amid all dangers!

The Mayday-Festival.

Four Heralds.

Now heed, ye peoples, great and small,
The message sent to near and far lands;
And deck out gaily house and hall
With wreaths of flowers and winded garlands:
There comes to-day, for joy and jest,
A handsome, noble-hearted guest,
Prince May comes with a goodly throng,
So welcome him with shout and song.

Festal March and Chorus.

May-Song.

I.

There comes a youth of sweet renown,
And through the world he wanders;
And where he goes, up hill and down,
He joy and splendor squanders!
The meads with green are decked out fair,
The birds are singing everywhere,
And blossom-snow in showers
Falls down on grass and flowers.

So let us sing with ringing shout,
With heigh and halla heigh, O—
The flowers they all now blossom out,
In love of gentle May, O!

II.

Young May he likes this stir and noise,
His humor never loses;
And through the woods hums loud his joys
The chafer, if he chooses.
And from their mossy beds spring out
The flowers of Spring all roundabout,
And lily-bells are ringing,
Young May a welcome bringing!

III.

And all now dream, at least who can,
Of jest and love's sweet yearning,
And many a gray, but worthy man,
Thinks youth again returning.
He shouts his joy across the Rhine,
O sweet sweetheart, for thee I pine,
And everywhere there's cooing,
In May 'tis pleasant wooing!

So let us sing with ringing shout,
With heigh and halla heigh, O—
The flowers they all now blossom out,
In love of gentle May, O!]

MAY IDYLL.

Pantomime and Dances.

DRITTER AKT.

Lösung und Ende.

Hof innerhalb der Wälle und Mauern des freiherrlichen Schlosses.

ERSTE SCENE.

Maria.

I.

Jetzt ist er hinaus in die weite Welt,
Hat keinen Abschied genommen,
Du frischer Spielmann in Wald und Feld,
Du Sonne, die meinen Tag erhellt,
Wann wirst du mir wieder kommen?

II.

Kaum dass ich ihm recht in die Augen ge=
schaut,
So ist der Traum schon beendet; —
O Liebe, was führst du die Menschen zu=
samm',
O Liebe, was schürst du die süsse Flamm',
Wenn so bald und traurig sich's wendet?

III.

Wo zieht er hin? Die Welt ist so gross,
Hat der Tücken so viel und Gefahren; —
Er wird wohl gar in das Welschland geh'n,
Und die Frauen sind dort so falsch und
schön!
O mög' ihn der Himmel bewahren!

Vier Herolde.

Hört' an, ihr Völker dieser Welt,
Die frohe Botschaft die wir künden,
Und schmücket festlich Haus und Zelt
Mit Blumenzier und Laubgewinden;
Es naht euch heut' zu kurzer Rast
Ein hoher königlicher Gast:
Der König Wein zieht mit uns ein,
Lasst ihn euch hochwillkommen sein!

FESTMARSCH UND CHOR

Chor.

I.

Es kommt ein wundersamer Knab'
Jtzt durch die Welt gegangen,
Und wo er geht bergauf, bergab,
Hebt sich ein Glast und Prangen.
In frischem Grün steht Feld und Thal,
Die Vögel singen allzumal,
Ein Blüthenschnee und Regen
Fällt nieder allerwegen.

D'rum singen wir im Wald dies Lied
Mit Hei= und Tralaleyen,
Wir singen's, weil es spriesst und blüht,
Als Gruss dem jungen Maien.

II.

[Den Mai ergötzt Gebrumm und Summ,
Jst immer guter Laune,
Drum schwirren durch den Tann herum
Die Maienkäfer, braune,
Und aus dem Moos wächst schnell herfür
Der Frühlingsblumen schönste Zier,
Die weissen Glocken läuten
Den Maien ein mit Freuden.

III.

Jetzunder denkt, wer immer kann,
Auf Kurzweil, Scherz und Minne;
Manch einem grauen Biedermann
Wird's wieder jung zu Sinne.
Er ruft hinüber über'n Rhein:
Herzliebster Schatz, o lass mich ein!
Und hüben tönt's und drüben:
Im Mai da ist gut lieben!

D'rum singen wir im Wald dies Lied
Mit Hei= und Tralaleyen,
Wir singen's, weil es spriesst und blüht,
Als Gruss dem jungen Maien.]

MAI-IDYLLE.

Pantomime mit Tanz.

SECOND SCENE.

(The Baron and Count Wildenstein—afterwards the Countess. Damian. The Sackingen alarm bells are heard.)

The Baron.

Quick, good fellows! Close the gate!
To the platform, up with the cannon!
At the rascals take good aim;—
Then the drawbridge raise! Unpleasant
Work it is to shoot at a peasant.

Countess
(coming from the castle).

Help! Dear Baron! From the mountains
They come down in fearful masses,
Halberds bearing—casques of iron—

The Baron and Wildenstein.

Let them come! Full soon the asses
Come within fair range to fire on;
Not so soon;
Peasant hies him hence to croon!

Damian.

Oh! they're shooting, near the woodshed!

Countess and Margaretha.

Does that give you so much fright?

Damian.

Shooting, no! Oh, that's all right—
But don't like this precious bloodshed
Closely with it all connected,
When a bullet gets deflected.

Countess and Margaretha.

Ah! See the coward—see him shake—
Just the man for me to take!

The Baron.

Hark! Ever nearer comes the din—
Ye women, better go within!

Count of Wildenstein.

Hark! Ever nearer—what a joy!
Show thyself a hero, boy!

Damian.

Yes, my father!

Margaretha.

Here we'll stay, however hot
Falls around us angry shot.

The Baron.

Hark, the rascals asking
That the Schloss to them be given.

Count Wildenstein and Chorus of Troopers.

They will have to pay most dearly.

The Baron.

We're not so hard as that yet driv'n.

Count of Wildenstein.

My hero-son shall show them all
How hard it is to climb the wall.

Damian.

Yes, father.

The Baron.

Younker Damian
Is just for that the proper man!

Damian.

In truth, my colonel!

The Baron.

Buckle my pallash at the back:
Then get inside my buffalo jerkin;
Hear you: the gate they now attack—

Damian.

Yes, everywhere there's danger lurkin'.

The Baron.

Now drive the rascals toward the river,
Let not escape a single peasant!

Damian.

Their yelling fairly makes one shiver;
And shooting such is too unpleasant.

Chorus of Peasants
(behind the scenes).

Coward knights and coward vassals,
Leave your shelter behind the castle's
Ramparts, and give open battle,
Then we'll make your armor rattle:
Out to the open fray!

The Baron, Count and Chorus of Troopers.

Now out to the fight! Like heroes advancing,
Each lance find its way to the traitorous breast;
Not long 'round the ramparts they'll keep up their dancing;
They'll find they went out on a dangerous jest—
Now to the fray!

ZWEITE SCENE.

Der Freiherr und Graf Wildenstein; gleich darauf die Gräfin. Damian.

Freiherr.

Schnell, ihr Knechte, schliesst das Thor!
Zur Plattform mit den Karthaunen!
Nehmt die Bauern scharf aufs Rohr; —
Zieht die Zugbrück' auf! zu schirmen
Gilt's das Schloss jetzt vor den Bauern!

Gräfin.

Helft, Herr Schwager! Aus dem Schwarzwald
Kommen sie in hellen Haufen,
Hellebarden, Pickelhauben —

Freiherr und Graf von Wildenstein.

Lasst sie kommen! Mögt uns glauben:
Sollen all' im Rhein ersaufen;
Nicht so bald
Kehr' ein Bauer heim zum Wald!

Damian.

Ach! ich glaube gar, sie schiessen!

Gräfin und Maria.

Ist das Euch so unbequem?

Damian.

Schiessen is mir wohl genehm,
Aber nicht das Blutvergiessen,
Das so leicht damit verbunden,
Da die Kugeln oft verwunden.

Gräfin und Maria.

Ha, seht doch diesen Feigling an,
Das wär' mir just der rechte Mann!

Freiherr.

Hört! näher rücken sie schon an;
Ihr Frauen, geht ins Schloss hinan!

Graf von Wildenstein.

Horch! näher rücken sie schon an;
Jetzt zeig' als Held dich, Damian!

Damian.

Ja, mein Vater.

Maria.

Lasst uns bleiben! Nicht ins Schloss,
Denn ich fürchte kein Geschoss! —

Freiherr.

Hört, es verlangt die Bauernrotte,
Dass wir das Schloss ihr übergeben.

Graf von Wildenstein und Chor der Reiter.

Erkaufe sie's mit ihrem Leben!

Freiherr.

Nimm das zur Antwort, freche Rotte!

Graf von Wildenstein.

Mein tapf'rer Sohn soll ihnen zeigen,
Wie schwer die Mauern zu ersteigen.

Damian.

Ja, Vater.

Freiherr.

Junker Damian,
Der ist dazu der rechte Mann!

Damian.

Ja wohl, Herr Oberst.

Freiherr.

Schnallt Junker, meinen Pallasch an
Und werft Euch in den Büffelkoller:
Ihr hört, der Sturm vor'm Thor begann.

Damian.

Ach ja, sie schiessen immer toller.

Freiherr.

Ihr sollt die Bauern so verjagen,
Dass sie den Spass nie wieder wagen.

Damian.

Ach, dürft' ich es ihm doch nur sagen:
Ich kann das Schiessen nicht vertragen.

Chor der Bauern.

Schlechte Ritter, schlechte Knechte,
Sitzen hinter festen Mauern,
Kommt zum ehrlichen Gefechte,
Wenn ihr Muth habt, wie wir Bauern!
Heraus denn zur Schlacht!

Freiherr, Graf und Chor der Landsknechte.

Wohlauf denn zur Schlacht! die Lanzen erhoben!
Dem Feinde geboten die tapfere Brust;
Sie sollen nicht länger die Mauern umtoben,
Zu siegen, zu sterben ist krieg'rische Lust!
Wohlauf denn zur Schlacht!

THIRD SCENE.

(The Baron, Count of Wildenstein, Margaretha, the Countess, and a few of the vassals.)

The Baron

Just hark! The rascals battle hard!

Count of Wildenstein.

Give heed, before my Damian's sword!
He'll show you quickly who is lord.

The Baron.

Ei, truly! greater joy were mine
Were he not Count of Wildenstein.

Damian.

(loud knocking is heard at the gate.)

Oh, quick! Make wide! And let me in!

The Baron (surprised).

Count, do you hear'—Let him within!

(They open the gate.)

FOURTH SCENE.

Damian.

(rushing in.)

O horror, father, this plebeian horde,
Don't understand the way of fighting proper;
They hew'd my helmet off; my doublet slash'd,
And split my pallash with a common chopper.

The Baron.

Eagles would not get their claws cut
If before, they were not caught.
Forward! Fall in battle rather
Than by rascals such be captured.

The Troops.

Forward! Fall in battle rather
Than by rascals such be captured.

FIFTH SCENE.

Werner appears with Conradin.

The Baron, Count of Wildenstein, Countess and Troopers.

(greeting Werner joyously.)

Hail, O Werner! Hail, O Victor!
Through him all was done,
And vict'ry won!
Praise and thanks, thou bugler bravest.

Margaretha.

Thou here, my beloved Werner?
Here once more! O joy divine!

Werner.

Margaretha, thou my glory!
Margaretha, sweetest, mine!

Margaretha.

Gracious heav'n! See! He's wounded!
Look you, look, like rich red roses
Wells forth from his arm the blood.

(the Countess hastens to Werner, whose doublet is being unfastened.)

Conradin.

What is this I here discover?—
Countess, see! A birthmark here
Just like yours.

The Countess.

Gracious heaven!
Aid me! On me Heaven have mercy!—
Ah! My son—and wounded—

The Baron.

And my daughter the reward;-
For the coward Damian
Ne'er can be my son-in-law!

Damian.

Come, my father!—I wont whine—
Let's ride again to Wildenstein!

Count and Countess of Wildenstein.

In Heaven's name! But Wildenstein,
Will go to him, in rightful line.

Countess and Maria.

O how my heart now thrills with bliss,
Into newly waken'd glory!

Conradin.

O Rhineland's children, is not this
A very, very curious story?

(Citizens, men and women, arrive.)

Chorus of Citizens.

See, young Werner—our deliverer!
From the foe the town he free'd!
Drove the peasant to his mountains,
Thank him, praise his glorious deed!

DRITTE SCENE.

(Der Freiherr, Graf von Wildenstein, Maria und die Gräfin, wenige Knechte.)

Freiherr.

Hört an, wie sich der Bauer wehrt!

Graf von Wildenstein.

Gebt Acht! vor meines Sohnes Schwert
Macht ihre Schaar bald rechtsum kehrt.

Freiherr.

Ei freilich! würd' es anders sein,
Wär' er kein Graf von Wildenstein.

Damian

Macht auf! — macht auf und lasst mich ein!

Freiherr.

Hört Ihr es, Graf? — So lasst ihn ein!

VIERTE SCENE.

Damian.

Zu Hilfe, Vater! dies gemeine Volk
Versteht nicht einmal regelrecht zu fechten,
Hat mir den Helm zerhau'n, das Wamms zerfetzt
Und schlug mir selbst den Pallasch aus der Rechten!

Freiherr.

Keiner stutzt dem Aar die Krallen,
Ohne ihn vorher zu fangen,
Vorwärts! besser ehrlich fallen,
Als von solchem Volk gefangen!

Die Reiter.

Vorwärts! besser ehrlich fallen,
Als von solchem Volk gefangen!

FUENFTE SCENE.

Werner erscheint mit Conradin.

Freiherr, Graf von Wildenstein, Gräfin und Chor der Reiter.

(Werner freudig begrüssend.)

Heil dem Tapfern! Heil dem Sieger!
Der des Feindes Hand
Uns entwand; —
Heil und Dank euch, tapf're Krieger!

Maria.

Du hier, mein geliebter Werner?
Welches Glück! Ich fass' es kaum!

Werner.

O Maria, du mein Leben!
O Maria, du mein Traum!

Maria.

Heil'ger Gott, er ist verwundet! —
Seht nur, seht, wie junge Rosen,
Quillt aus seinem Arm das Blut.

Conradin.

Doch was muss ich hier entdecken?
Gräfin — seht! Ein Mal am Arme,
Just wie Eures —

Gräfin.

Freude! Schrecken!
Helft mir! dass sich Gott erbarme!
Ach, mein Sohn — verwundet — —

Freiherr.

Und Maria wird dein Lohn;
Denn den feigen Damian
Nehm' ich nie zum Eidam an!

Damian.

Kommt, Herr Vater! — Ich packe ein
Und reite zurück nach Wildenstein.

Graf und Gräfin von Wildenstein.

In Gottes Namen! doch Wildenstein.
Wird nun dem rechten Erben sein.

Gräfin und Maria.

Ach, wie mein Herz voll Freude bebt,
Als fühlt's sein Glück erwachen.

Conradin.

O Rheineskinder, man erlebt
Doch sonderbarliche Sachen:

(Bürger und Bürgerinnen kommen.)

Chor der Bürger und Bürgerinnen.

Seht, da ist er — unser Retter,
Der die Stadt vom Feind befreit
Und die Bauern in die Fluch trieb:
Dank und Preis sei ihm geweiht!

Werner.

Young Werner is surely the happiest man,
In all this wide realm Roman;
But where he all his great joy won,
He says in words to no man—
He only says with a Hip! Hurrah!
How wondrous beautiful is May—
True Love, I give thee greeting!

Margaretha and Werner.

True Love, I give thee greeting!
Thus to love, with love unending,
Loving and belov'd to be;
Two souls with each other blending—
That is true love's victory!

General Chorus.

Faithful love and bugle blowing,
Useful are full oft in life;
Faithful love and bugle blowing,
E'en can win a noble wife.
Faithful love and bugle blowing,
Bring to all such joy as when,
Young Sir Werner blew his bugle,
On the Rhine at Sackingen!

Werner.

Jung Werner ist der glückseligste Mann
Im römischen Reich geworden;
Doch wer sein Glück ihm angethan,
Das sagt er nur mit Worten —
Das sagt er nur mit Juchei! —
Wie wunderschön ist doch der Mai,
Feinslieb, ich thu' dich grüssen!

Maria und Werner.

Feinslieb, ich thu' dich grüssen!
So unendlich heiss zu lieben,
Lieben und geliebt zu sein,
So mit ganzer Seele lieben,
Das ist Seligkeit allein!

Allgemeiner Schlusschor.

Liebe und Trompetenblasen
Nützen zu viel guten Dingen,
Liebe und Trompetenblasen
Selbst ein ad'lig Weib erringen;
Liebe und Trompetenblasen,
Mög' es Jedem so gelingen
Wie dem Herrn Trompeter Werner
An dem Rheine zu Säckingen!

END OF THE OPERA.

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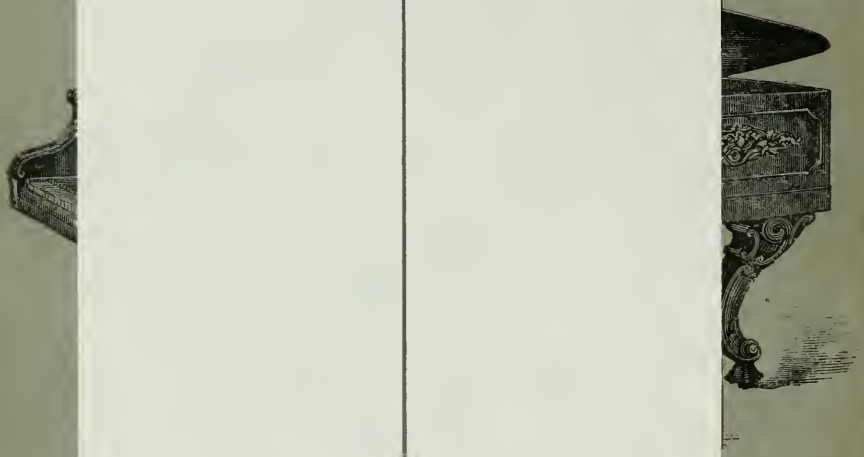

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